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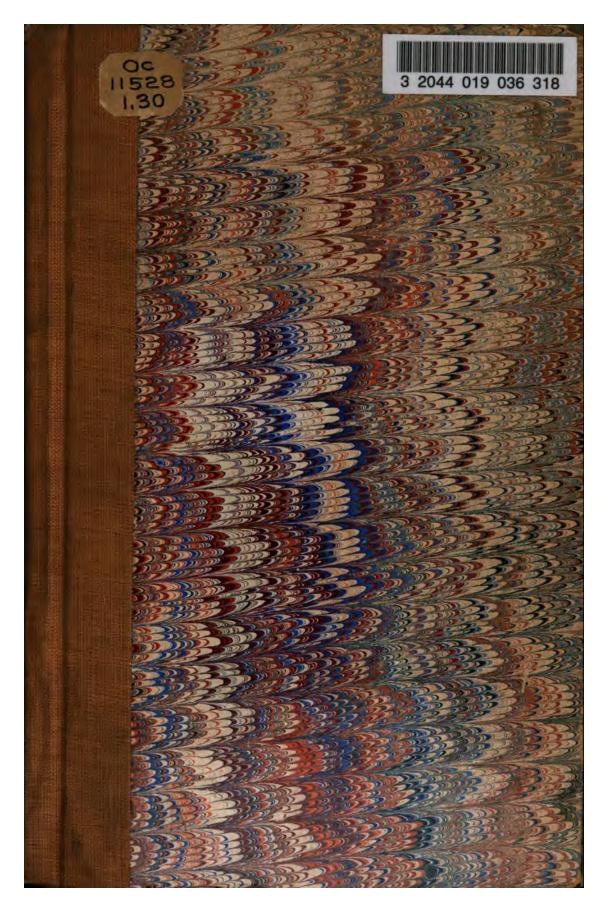
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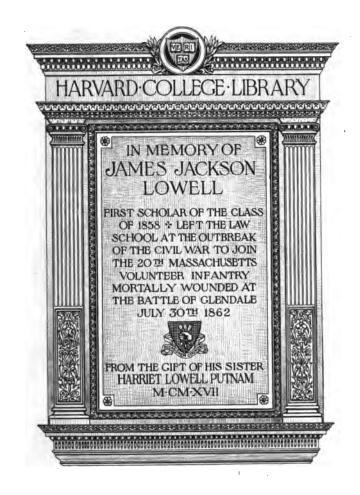
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THE

SMIGRANT

OTHER POEMS

E.M. TUCHAN

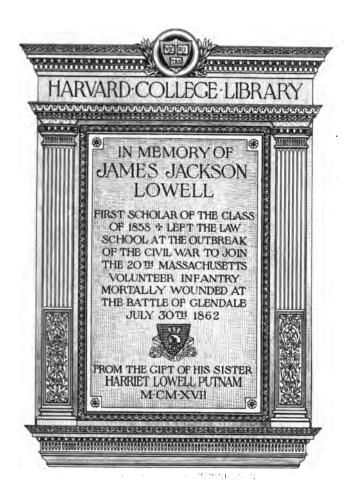
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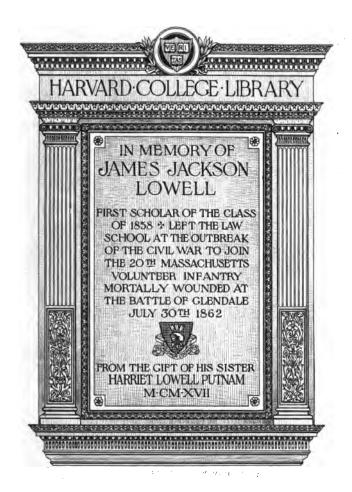
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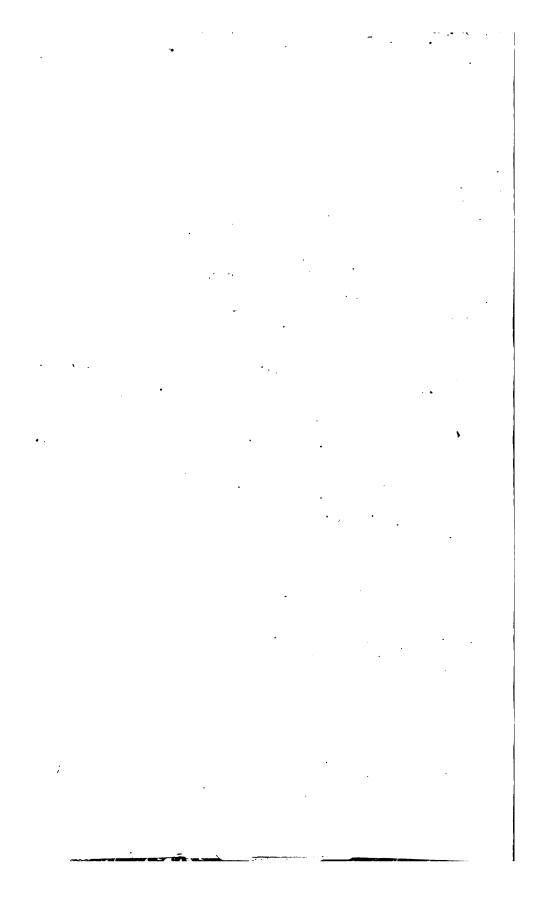
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THE

SMIGRANT

OTHER POEMS.

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LIST TO BY THOMAS DROWN, MODERNOOF STREET

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1856.

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PREFACE.

WITH mingled hopes and fears, I introduce my "Emigrant" to the kindly notice of the Public. I cannot but feel that much might have been done in dressing him in far more fashionable garb than he now wears.— Unsophisticated in speech, he doubtless is; but, to those who attentively study his character, a truth may here and there shine forth, and an intimate acquaintance may fan the spark of appreciation into a flame of affectionate regard. Timidly stands he at the door of public opinion; and, should a kindly hand let him in, and a loving hand place him in a comfortable nook of the glowing hearth, whence the light may stamp upon his brow—the surest sign of welcome—great will be the joy of my heart.

With regard to the other Poems, they are but old acquaintances—hurrying up from the depths of the past, eager to know how they will be received by those who have ere now smiled at their approach, and spoken kindly things of him who sent them on their journey.

Myself—I am but young—and, consequently, inexperienced; but, should the same success attend me in the future, which I have received in the past, I shall have no fear that unkindness will hamper my thoughts, or break through that dream which has made my life so pleasant—a dream which wafts spices from the land of the sunny sublime to my soul—made doubly sweet, by that applause which, unmerited, I have received; and which, if I write as I have hitherto done, not so much for profit as for the benefit of my fellow-colonists, I feel assured will not be withheld.

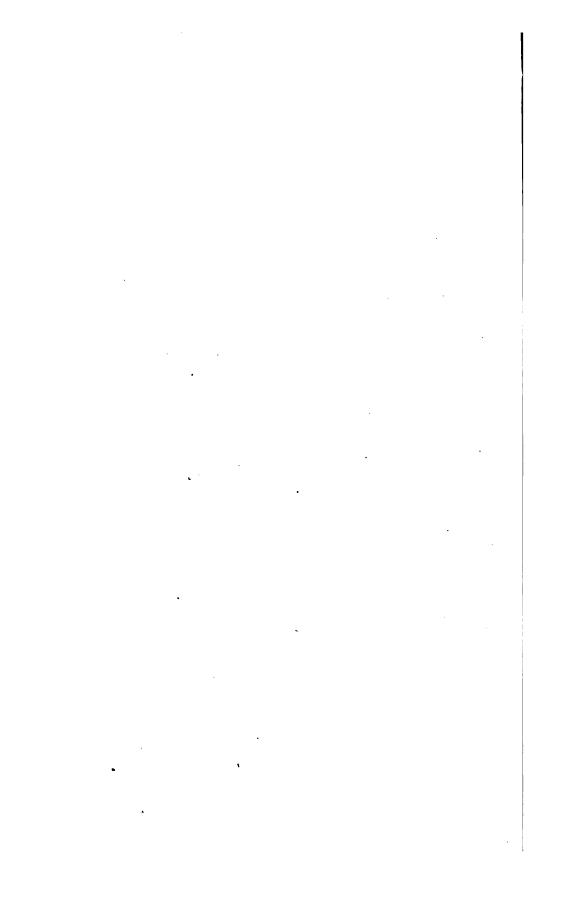
On the sympathy of the Public, therefore, I throw myself, and anxiously wait the result.

F. M. HUGHAN.

Somerville Cottage, Herne Hill, Geelong, March 13, 1856. • • .

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THE EMIGRANT.

PART I.

I.

Fashion and pomp, nobility of birth,
And deeds of knighthood, furnish not my lay.
From gilded domes and costly palaces
I turn aside, and wander on my way
Thro' pleasant groves, where rustic children sport,
And wake the echoes of the wooded hills
With their glad voices; or, with trembling hands,
Launch out their tiny boats upon the rills,
Whose rippling wavelets dance, to turn the water mills.

II.

There is a treasure, in the quiet fields,
Of calm delight gleaned from ambrosial hours;
When, from her couch the blossoms' Queen appears,
To summons forth her band of smiling flowers;
When buttercups and cowslips, hand in hand,
In fairy circles mingle o'er the wold,
And wave their banners to the coming day,
As heaving billows on THAT sea of gold,
Of which old bards have sung, and nursery fables told.

III.

Now, from his ocean bed in glory drest,
The world's great orb of warmth and light appears!
Nature awakes, and dons her brightest robe,
Kneels at his feet, and baths them in dew tears.
The feathered choir, within their forest halls,
Chaunt with glad hearts a morning song of glee,
Which finds an echo in the peasant's soul,
As to his toil he journeys o'er the lea,
Contented with his lot, immured to poverty.

IV.

In honest toil true nobleness appears;
The ploughshare is a sceptre in the hand
Of him who sways it, that the wilderness
May change from sterile to a fruitful land;
By useful industry and genius made
To yield the sweets which gratify mankind;—
Sweets which the seeker, if he hath the will,
At every turn, in every scene may find,
In fields of golden grain, in fruit and flowers combined.

v.

"Sons of the Soil!" ye are my pleasant theme:

I weave my story from your plodding band,
Of one who bent 'neath unrewarded toil,
Fled for advancement to a foreign land,
Where poverty's chill breath is never felt,
And plenty's foot-prints stamp the vernal ground;
Where freedom stands upon the rocky shore,
And crieth "welcome" with a merry sound,
Where treasures unexplored in countless hoards abound!

VΙ

Where Colne's * pure stream runs thro' an ancient town †
That erst withstood the power of conquering Rome,
A peasant dwelt, who on its hanging banks
Had formed himself a neat and simple home:
Here bloomed the hollyhock, the dahlia there,
And fragrant wall-flower, loved by English poor;
By bluebells, moss-rose, pinks, sweet lavender,
And heartsease, was each curious bed run c'er,
Whilst honey-suckle climbed about the low quaint door.

VII.

Here, free from turmoil, and the cities' din,
In social happiness he passed his days;
Peace arched above him, as a summer sky,
Whence hope's gay sun encompassed him with rays;
Hearts mingled round him, and, like fountains poured
Streams of pure love about him day and night—
The partner of his youth, and sager years,
With comely children met his gladdened sight,
Which wrap't his soul in bliss, and made his burdens light.

VIII.

Who hath not marked a mother's keen despair,
As to her breast she clasps her lifeless child?
Filling the chambers of the solemn night
With bursts of anguish, terrible and wild.
Who has not seen, when brightest life appeared,
Dark clouds of sorrow settle o'er the hearth?
Stealing the light from many a sparkling eye,
Paling the cheek, and hushing songs of mirth,
Blighting the flowers of peace by blasting hands of dearth?

[•] The principal river in Essex.

⁺ Colchester.

So, with a sullen moan, a dreaded year

Swept through the homesteads of the English poor,

Quenched Plenty's lamp, and with its seething brand

Stamped Famine's name upon each cottage door;

Then was our hardy tiller of the soil,

Of comfort, vigour, health, and labour shorne.

He saw his offspring slowly pine away,

And his strong heart, with grief, bent down to mourn;

But still his heavy load, with Christian faith was borne.

X.

Oh! there are thousands, who from day to day,
Toil on, with scarce sufficiency of bread;
Bleak are the winds which blow around their path,
And sharp the thorns on which they daily tread—
Yet, uncomplaining, with a brave stout heart,
They meet the danger, with a warrior arm;
Hope cheers the soul that future joy will spring
From desolation, with consoling balm,
The frugal, thrifty poor, are England's greatest charm.

XI.

But, to our tale—Upon the Sabbath day,
As was his wont, he sought the house of prayer,
With humble thoughts before his father's God
To plead deliverance from his weight of care.
Whatever sorrows we are called to feel,
There's not a care without some small alloy
Of comfort: so his sober, fair-haired sons
And modest daughter filled his heart with joy—
So beautiful was she—so fond her dark blue eye.

XII.

Now softly swelling to the fretted roof,
The full rich organ chaunts the morning hymn
Divinely sweet, whose trembling echoes fly
To join the chorus of the scraphim.
Here, pure religion, sacred, undefiled,
And thoughts angelic in the soul are born:
Here springs to life that earnest piety,
Whose secret links with Majesty adorn
The cotters' garb, and robes by kings and rulers worn.

XIII.

Shut from the world, the gentle pastor tells
Of Him who wore the lacerating crown
For man's redemption; how, from Paradise
Creation's God on loving wings came down;
How, in the wilderness for forty days
By devils tempted; He was sore opprest,
That He, the Ruler of the universe
Had not a spot whereon His head to rest,
And all that fallen man might once again be blest.

XIV.

From Holy Writ there ever flows a stream Which bears our longings to a happy goal; A glory riseth from each living page
To light the chambers of the stricken soul.
It is the lamp that gleams from distant realms,
To point the road where zealous christians hie;
It lingereth round the soldier of the cross—
A pilot sent to guide his soul on high;
When weary of this life, he sinketh down to die.

XV.

Service now o'er, the village gossipers

Mingle in groups, the news to hear and tell;

Children, with arms around each others' necks,

O'er epitaphs of the departed spell;

A settled gloom prevails on every face,

And lines of sadness furrow manhood's cheek;

The joy-bells from the lips of youth have flown,

With aching hearts, resignedly and meek,

Of troubles yet to come with faltering tones they speak.

XVI.

What strange excitement hovers o'er the crowd—
Whence comes the fire that burns in every eye—
What mighty power hath wrapt them in its folds,
And turned the current of their grief to joy.
Standing amidst them, with a hand upraised,
To gain attention—not a leaf is stirred—
A grey-haired man narrates in artless words
The glorious tidings that yest'een he heard,
With breathless wonderment they hang upon each word.—

XVII.

He says "a ship has just arrived from sea,
With welcome news for both the young and old,
That in Australia's distant sunny clime
The very rivers run thro' banks of gold:"
He tells them "that it is no idle tale
To tempt the greedy, or delude the poor:
That in this bark some miners have brought home
A solid mass of precious glittering ore,
Which weigheth at the least one hundred weight or more."*

The large "nugget," discovered by Messrs. Evans, Lecs, and Poulton, weighing 134 lbs. 8 ozs., sent to England in the "Sarah Sands."

XVIII.

It is enough, with resolution strong
And high intent, our peasant arms his mind
To cross the deep, to brave the ocean storm;
Succour from want, and plenitude to find:
Bright gleams the sun upon the brazen spire—
A happy omen of the coming times.
Far down the woodland mellow voices sing
In tuneful numbers, sacred poets' rhymes,
And, with a burst of joy, ring out the pealing chimes.

XIX.

Oh! when the heart is full, and our weak frames
Beneath the scourgings of affliction moan,
There is an angel ever on the wing,
Who bears our pleadings to a gracious throne:
Thus, with reliance on a Heavenly power,
To God he sends a supplicating cry,
That in his wanderings a spirit form
May watch his footsteps with a guardian eye,
And bless his native land if he away should die.

XX.

Now comes the hour of trial—can he leave
His home, his friends, and haunts to memory dear—
Part from the loved, who slumber in the grave,
Without the tribute of a parting tear.
For the last time around the cherished hearth
He and his offspring, with affection deep,
Recall the past; and as each vanished joy
Rises to view, none feel ashamed to weep,
That on dear England's breast they never more may sleep.

XXI.

Glad wakes the morn, the air is full of sounds,
From feathered music fluttering in the trees;
Flora's pure chalice overflows with sweets—
A balmy offering to the sighing breeze.
Nature conspires to cheer the peasant's heart.
By fragrant winds his brow is gently fanned;
With faltering steps he passes from the vale;
With quivering lips one moment doth he stand,
Kisses the soil, and leaves for aye his native land.

THE EMIGRANT.

PART II.

I.

THE breadth 'tween grief and joy is but a span Which wise decretals of high Heaven ordain, And ways of providence inscrutable
To us may seem, but time will make them plain.
Good ever follows in the track of man,
Tho' darkness hides the working of its powers;
The man may frown in gloom upon the earth,
But bright will be the stilly evening hours,
When they with pearls adorn the tresses of the flowers.

II.

So thought the hero of my homely tale,

As PAST and FUTURE flitted through his mind:

Hope held the keys of Nature's treasure door;

Patience, integrity, and faith combined

To gild the horizon of his world of doubts,

As slow the vessel glided down the stream,

And England's shores receded from his view;

And from the lighthouse shone the taper gleam

Upon the shield of night, like phantom of a dream.

III.

How much of worth? and virtue bids adieu
To thee, oh England! Empress of the waves;
Thousands have found an ocean sepulchre,
The world is studded with thy children's graves;
Forced from thy arms by penury to go,
Denied the blessing of their daily bread,
Some to the islands of the Southern sea,
Whilst others by adventurers' hand are led
Thro' forests dense and vast, where fierce barbarians tread.

IV.

Yet, praised be God, the world is wide and fair,
Her ringing voices to the nations call—
"Come from the cities' teeming thoroughfares,
And pauper homes, there's room enough for all."
Haste, for my heart is bursting to outpour
Its weight of gifts before your weary feet.
Arise, ye winds, tight swell the willing sails,
Swift waft the vessel with your pinions fleet,
Which bears our "emigrant" to succour's sure retreat.

v.

On, on, the proud bark thro' the water sweeps,
As stag untethered courses on its way:
Above—the stars, night's tireless sentinels;
Beneath—a very flood of sapphire spray;
On every side, before, behind the waves,
Stretch as an undulating plane of snow.
The guardian watcher, with a careful eye,
Paces the deck with measured step and slow,
To keep from jeopardy the souls who dream below.

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Dreams take the semblance of reality,

As faces in a truthful mirror seen;
Imagination from the vanquished past
Brings back again the joys which once have been;
Distance nor time can veil pale fancy's sky.

Tear from the volume of our life one page:
Mem'ry competeth in the race of years;
With olden stories she doth aye engage
The thoughts of buoyant youth, and ponderings of old age.

VII.

Clasped in the arms of sleep, our peasant dreams
Of his first love—the hour of rapture wild;
When from a bosom, soft as thistle down,
He caught a token in his first-born child:
And now he walk'd amidst the chestnut trees,
Or climbed the verdant hills at break of morn;
Now watched the fingers of the harvest moon,
Trailing their beams around the sighing corn,
Or, thro' the busy town, in rattling car was drawn.

VIII.

Now sauntering in the churchyard's quietude,
He sees the spot where sacred ashes lay;
And, unobservable to human ken,
Bends o'er his parents' lowly grave to pray;
Now guides the plough to break the stubborn soil,
Or weaves the vesture of the mellow ground;
Now joins the measure of the chaunting choir,
Or, thro' the meadows takes his daily round—
Why starteth he in dread? whence comes that pealing sound?

IX.

The trembling stars, like timid virgins flee
Before the clouds which ravish all the sky;
The paling moon glides from her throne, and sinks
Beneath the waves, who left a wailing cry.
Loud ring the anvils of the tempest forge,
Shrill bursts the chorus of the storm-flend's song,
Sharp flery arrows pierce the breast of night,
Hurled by the hurricane with fury strong,
As on his thunder steed he reckless flies along.

X.

On, on—still on—the vessel safely glides—An ocean plough, she spurns the boiling surge;
Her taper masts, and lithesome creaking spars
Bend in responses to the wind's sad dirge.
On, on—still on—the warring billows dash
In angry mood against her flashing side;
Now bear her up upon their hissing crowns,
Then sink her deep, yet bravely doth she ride,
And like a bird outspreads her canvas pinions wide.

XI.

Life is not ever one of deep regrets,
In every sorrow lurks a latent balm;
If anger broodeth on the ocean's brow
Soft lips will kiss it to a holy calm:
So, from the portals of the tinted East,
Bright eyes peep'd out and smiled upon the sea;
Their glances flew along the waking sky;
Creation tuned her harp to melody,
At which the tempest ceased its sound of revelry.

XII.

And, for awhile, with idly flapping sails,
The "good ship" rocketh on the mystic line;
Mirth stamps her impress on each seaman's face,
As victims stand around her dreaded shrine,
To pass the ordeal of the hoop and tar—
They must be "shaved" as ancient customs say.
Neptune presideth o'er the sacrifice,
Sporteth with terror, laugheth at dismay,
And goads the shrinking wretch who strives to break away.

XIII.

Oh! what a glory bathes the tropic skies!

Sublime the golden pathway of the sun:

Oh! what a radience paints the waning day!

Ten thousand rainbows blending into one.

Oh! what a gush of stars, in brilliant throngs,

Like jewels dance along the halls of night;

Or, with the moonbeams gambol on the tide;

Which, 'neath the pressure of their footsteps light,

Sways as the lily-bell that folds the elfin sprite.

XIV.

Now, sable spectres gather overhead,
And chrystal arrows from the bow of clouds,
In torrents pour; the chariots of the breeze
Dash o'er the deck, and rattle thro' the shrouds;
Impatient of delay, the snowy sails
Uplift their arms to grasp the passing wind;
The captive vessel shakes her iron frame,
Bursteth the bonds by which she is confined,
Tramples the waves, and leaves the realm of dreams behind.

XV.

The Cape is passed, with all its brood of fears, St. Paul's lone isle appears in deep repose:
But, Oh! for ever as a monument,
Shall it narrate our peasant's bitter woes;
For, here the child of his affection dies—
His bosom's bird, girl of the fond blue eyes;
Here rests her body in its winding sheet
Of billows; but the ransomed spirit flies
Amidst the holy train, who sing in Paradise.

XVI.

Storms are forerunners of deep quietude;
From thunder-clouds descend the flashing globes
Which hang around the blossoms that appear
As fairy Queens arrayed in spangled robes:
So to his mourning heart a small still voice
Speaks in a language that his spirit cheers.
Thro' the dark mantle of his heaviness
A light gleams forth, and to his soul appears
Those Eden messengers, who gild Hope's rising years.

XVII.

He knows that other loves remain to him,
That other eyes for his lost idol weep;
That in the calm of eve from out the stars,
SHE will come back, and to his bosom creep:
By trial fortified, by hope sustained,
He fainteth not, but triumphs over care.
But THAT great grief hath shaken his strong heart,
And sprinkled lines of silver in his hair:
Who can unstricken lose the fairest of the fair?

XVIII.

Expectancy now whispers in his ear
"Thy weary journey draweth to a close;"
For seaweed spreads its mantle on the deep:
Crimson and blue, green, yellow, purple, rose—
A fairy garment, flashing in the sun;
A wreath of flowers to crown the blushing sea;
A gift of blossoms which the gallant ship
Wears on her bosom, and with extacy
He hears the zephyr sing around him merrily.

XIX.

And in the distance loom the giant hills—
Nearer they come, to meet his ravished sight;
Darkness enfolds him o'er the black abyss;
Flashes the meteor of Cape Otway's light;
Deep, deep suspense, unuttered hopes and fears
Are busy working, mingling joys and dreads
Within his heart; but that same unseen Hand,
Which brought him scatheless o'er tempestuous beds,
Guideth him safely through the threatening rocky Heads.

XX.

Swanlike, the vessel sweeps to Hobson's Bay,
That glows as silver 'neath the Southern sky;
And as a warrior from the battle's roar,
Layeth his armour for a season bye:
Her sails are furled, her living freight are gone,
We see our peasant kneeling on the strand,
His eye looks o'er the sea, and to the waves
Near lone St. Paul's, he shakes his trembling hand,
And murmureth "let us go to search this promised land."

XXI.

Farewell, old friend! God speed thee on thy way—May hope completed weave thee in its web:
Act nobly—act for those thy living ones;
Grieve not too deeply, for thy sea-girt dead;
Think of the past, thy perils and thy prayers,
Thy sharp privations in the time of old;
Lean on that power, which from the yawning deep,
Hath brought thee safely to a happy fold,
And reverence thou thy God before the shrine of gold.



TO CAPE OTWAY.

- HAIL, glorious eminence! expectant eyes feast on thy sunny form;
- Hail, Otway's star! whose light does raise a beacon in the storm;
- 'Tis thine to quell the quaking heart, to banish every fear, To tell the weary pilgrim his adopted home is near.
- Hail, Mount of Hope! whose leafy brow tells of a verdant clime,
- Where Nature's hand profusely showers things beauteous and sublime;
- Where Flora decks the mountain's side with wreaths of rainbow hue,
- Whose ruby cups contain a gem, distilled from pearly dew.
- Hail, land of promised rest that's near! where Britain's sons shall find
- That plenty which they dreamt not of, and did not leave behind;
- Where labour gets its full reward, the sons of toil full pay,
- Where peace surrounds the cottage home by night as well as day.

Hail, land of sun! where want, and woe, and famine are unknown,

Where industry may gather up what Providence has strewn; Where he who tills the soil with care, and seeds in earth enfold,

Receives a full and quick return in sheaves of wavy gold.

Hail, emblem of that promised rest! the Christian prays to see, Where brightening skies grow brighter throughout eternity; Whose gates expel the tearful eye, exclude the troubled heart, Whence sins and sorrows, woes and pains, are summon'd to depart.

WILD FLOWERS.

Wild flowers—gay flowers,
Springing up in mirth;
Kisses of the rainbow
Wafted to the earth;
Laughing are your merry eyes,
Ever in our way,
As the waking glances
Of a summer's day.

Wild flowers—joyous flowers,
Like the breath of spring
Are the sweets your loving hands
Round our pathway fling;
Graceful are your waving forms,
As a maiden fair,
When she binds the blushing rose
In her shining hair.

Wild flowers—sad flowers,
Crystal tears ye shed,
Where the moonbeams weave a mantle
O'er the sleeping dead.
Creeping to some little mound,
In the stilly night,
Round the babe ye calmly circle
Like a crown of light.

Wild flowers—meek flowers,
On the river's brink,
Gazing in its limpid tide—
Bending down to drink;
Dancing to the melody
Of the fountain's lay;
Sighing when the breeze of even
Kiss your sweets away.

Wild flowers—laughing flowers,
On the mountain's side,
Resting on your mossy couch
Like a dreaming bride!
Be ye in the forest's depths,
Be ye by the sea,
Wild flowers, starry flowers,
Who so bright as ye?

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

AWAKE! Oh Freedom from thy sleep, There comes a sound of glee Which boundeth with a joyous step Along the Southern sea; It speaketh of a mighty fall, And nations hear the sound, "Sebastopol's proud citadel Is shattered to the ground."

The eagle from his eyry gazed
Upon ten thousand slain,
Who bowed before the reaper Death
Like sheaves of ripened grain.
He looked upon his legions
With a dark imperious eye,
And lifted up his terror voice
Amidst the battle cry.

"Press on, ye hordes of Russia press
An overwhelming flood;
I'm lord of all your hopes and fears,
And owner of your blood.
Hurl terror to the allied ranks—
On, on, my holy band,
Or liberty will whisper
To the people of my land.

"Will dash the shackles from their hands
And bid them 'rise, be free;'
Will flash like light thro' my domains
And darkened eyes will see
The dastard power by which we rule,
The hell seeds we have sown.
Press on, ye slaves of Russia, press,
To prop a despot's throne."

Quail—ruler of the Russias quail, For the dead beneath thy feet, For thy slaughtered legions' curses At a righteous judgment seat. For the power that glideth from thee Which thy mandate cannot save; For the spirits of the battle Who will haunt thee in thy grave.

As the billows of an angry sea
In majesty advance,
So moved the braves of Albion
And veterans of France.
Deep silence reigned thro'out the lines,
But the fire in every eye,
Shewed courage stamped on every heart
That was not afraid to die.

As a lull before the tempest
But gathers up fresh powers,
So the silence of the warrior host
Burst forth in iron showers,
Which descended on the city
Like a stream of red hot rain;
It fell upon the battlements,
And swept along the plain!

Oh God! it was an awful sight;
A very sea of fire!
On, Britons, for your Mother Queen;
On, Frenchmen, for your Sire.
They waver—on, brave Allies, on,
Saint Dennis; now they flee!
Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart,
Saint George and liberty!

Thy granite walls are strewn around;
Thy throne's foundations stirred;
Freedom shall drag thee from thy nest,
Thou dark ill-omened bird.
Thy strongholds bow beneath our touch,
Their portals backward roll!
Where are thy death-arks of the sea,
And where Sebastopol?

THE DEATH OF AUTUMN.

THE South wind was sighing, as Autumn lay dying,
The streamlet in sorrow stood still,
For a form had come forth from the blustering North,
And his breath was destructive and chill.

And it stretcheth its hand o'er the shivering land,
When the birds of the grove ceased their lay;
And the storm whistled shrill over valley and hill,
Which frightened the sunbeams away.

Then the flowers of the field, bereft of their shield, All gathered their garments to go; But still on the green was the old holly seen, With a crown of hoar frost on his brow.

And the trees wept their leaves, as a mother who grieves
O'er the child of her bosom laid low;
Whilst the fountain, in dread, took her star jets and fled,
With her tresses looped up by the snow.

With a sorrowful look, then, the gay dancing brook

Drew a mantle of ice round his breast;

And, with low moaning wail, did the sweet nightingale For a season betake her to rest.

And Flora sank down 'neath Winter's dark frown,
But still to her jewels doth cling;
And dreams of the hours when she with her flowers
Shall carpet the pathway of Spring.

ONWARD FLIES THE SPIRIT TIME.

ONWARD flies the spirit Time; morning beams of light Clothe the fields in tissued gold, Nature's face is bright; Lily bells, a welcome nod, decked in chrystal spray; Trees bend to the passing breeze, trills the lark her lay.

Onward flies the spirit Time; length'ning shadows creep O'er the woodland—thro' the glen—on the heaving deep. Night assumes her jewelled garb; thro' the circling sky Stars their fire-wings open wide, swift as thought they fly.

Onward flies the spirit Time; flowers dance joyously Round the fairy circles sweet, singing merrily: Weep they all, for very joy, tears of honey dew: Waving on the balmy breeze robes of every hue.

Onward flies the spirit Time, fiercely chill winds blow, Bent the hoary head of earth 'neath her crown of snow; Hushed the fountains tuneful song, calm, serenely still; Ceased the warbling of the brook, sealed the rippling rill.

Onward flies the spirit Time: round the altar stand Forms arrayed in snowy white, like a fairy band; Looks of love are there exchanged, sparkle black eyes bright, Gladness sounds his harp strings sweet, every heart is light. Onward flies the spirit Time: mark the look of dread; Hear the wailing voice ascend o'er the bridegroom dead; Black'ning clouds and sombre mists, onward, upward roll, Thunder-bolts of anguish burst o'er the widow's soul.

Onward flies the spirit Time: mark the look of joy Beaming in that mother's face, o'er her first-born boy! See how fondly—tenderly—closely to her breast Nestled is her earthly gem, smiling in its rest.

Onward flies the spirit Time: see the tear-drops fall, Welling from that mother's heart o'er the infant pall. Mark the father's calm despair! overcast with fears— Sorrows keenly exquisite—denied relief in tears.

Onward flies the Spirit Time; like an arrow strong, Binding, breaking, wounding, healing, as it glides along; Sorrow throwing far and wide, dashing gladness free. Onward flies the spirit Time—to Eternity.

THE SONG OF THE SURVEYOR.

On, we love to dwell in a scene like this, Where the heart is free from care, When the huge old gum spreads his branches wide, And the wattle scents the air,

'Tis here the mind,
With peace entwined,
Its hour can find for prayer.

And we revel amidst our forest halls As free as the wild gazelle, And chaunt some theme of a bye gone time,
Or some ancient tale we tell;
Whilst the hills around,
'Midst the calm profound,
Prolong the sound, "all's well."

And we hie away to our daily tasks,
With our hearts enrobed with glee,
And section out spots, for a resting place,
For the rolling human sea;
And soon the space,
Which the flow'rets grace,
A busy place will be.

'Tis here the mind, with elastic bound,
May drink in each beauty rare,
And read in the wild flowers' pining bell
The lesson engraven there;
That amidst the blaze,
Of our summer days,
We black'ning rays must bear.

CIVIL WAR.

THEY stood a calm and silent host,
Yet still their hearts beat high,
For death was waking from his sleep,
And clouds swam thro' the sky;
And many knew
That morning dew
Might on their cold corses lie.

Advanced the columns, silent still;
Eyes flashed forth beams of fire:
Opposing armies, foe 'gainst foe,
The son against the sire,
Should soon engage,
With tiger rage,
In carnage fierce and dire.

The bugle rang, and burst the cloud;
From line to line then ran
The war-cry, raised by demon tongues,
Re-echoed back by man;
And liege with lord
Crossed sword to sword,
And fought with desperate plan.

Soon, soon the blood-tide flowed apace,
And bathed the sobbing Earth;
Weeping to think such men as these
Should from her dust claim birth;
Whose chief employ
Is "kill, destroy,"
And trample down fair worth.

And now the clangour grew more loud,

The nearer still and nigher;

Death sprang with burnished sword in hand,

Begirt with living fire;

And shrieks of fear

Assail the ear,

Yet still the flame rose higher.

Still, still more deadly grew the strife, Drenched each in human gore; The grave disclosed its venom'd teeth,
And cried, "Give, give me more:"
The horsemen dash,
Like lightning's flash,
And headlong on do pour.

Then ceased awhile the fearful fray,
Each wiped his thirsty blade,
As night her mantle drew around,
Her brow with stars arrayed:
Yet many a cry
Of agony
Burst o'er that bloody glade.

The moon sped on her spangled course,
The evening star beamed bright,
And seem'd to tremble with amaze,
As from her dizzy height,
Upon the plain,
And mangled slain,
She cast her glimmering light.

And thro' that night a mournful strain
Came swelling on the air,
For scenes of bright fond hopes decayed,
And blighted blossoms fair:
And many a mind,
To death resigned,
Enrobed itself in prayer.

And many a bold unflinching heart, Bow'd down itself to weep, Whilst others cursed and madly raved, O'er this their sorrow deep; And pangs of dread, For brethren dead, Forbade that host to sleep.

And scenes of desolated homes,

Made soft base hearts of stone,

For sires and children doomed to death,

To prop a bigot's throne;

For many a shrine

Of peace divine,

With widow's weeds o'ergrown.

And orphan children wanting bread,
With famished looks uprise,
As clouds of smoke from burning hearths
Ascended to the skies;
Whilst Peace in tears,
Amidst their fears,
Asked—". When will men be wise?"

Oh! not until the bigot's reign,
And despot's rule is o'er;
Oh! not till love her floodgates ope,
And hate is known no more;
Till all mankind,
In heart combined,
Shall banish civil war.

AMY.

I Am standing by thee, Amy, Beside thy little tomb; And the sky is brightly smiling, But my heart is robed in gloom; On fancy's wings I fly again Into that solemn room.

I saw them close the window,
And draw the curtains too,
As on the walls the shadows danced,
A mingled motley crew;
And on thy fevered brow the fire
Did cast a sickly hue.

I watched thee fading, Amy,
And I saw thee pass away—
As twilight gathers from the sun
Each pure and brilliant ray;
Thou went'st as calm and silent as
Snow flakes from holly spray.

And I saw them take thee, Amy, And lay thee in the ground, Where peacefully thou sleepest, Neath a moss-encircled mound: And when I left methought I heard An angel chorus sound.

Then I brought fresh flow'rets, Amy, And placed them o'er thy head, As I deck'd thy brow with lilies, When they told me thou wert dead; But 'tis many, many days ago, So swiftly time hath fled.

But I miss thee, darling, Amy, And thy jet black glossy air, And the tint upon thy dimpled cheeks, So beautiful and fair—
As tho' a scraph passing by
Had left his image there.

SONG OF A MOONBEAM.

TO MARION.

I COME from a throne which is set with stars,
And a joyous thing am I;
For I gleam on the face of the young and fair,
Like the glance of a mother's eye.
And I rest on the stream,

In a happy dream,
As it chaunteth its lullaby.

And gently I ride on the tempest's car When it dashes along the deep, And I am nigh when the sighing shells Their pearly tear drops weep.

And under the wave
I seek the cave
Where the mermaids silently sleep.

Then away I hie to the mountain top, To gaze on the world below; I gather my robes, and recliningly lay On a glittering couch of snow.

Yet I am where
The children of care
Are shrouded in want and woe.

I am sure of a welcome in palace and cot, For I'm loved by the rich and poor, I twine my beam round the pillars of State And the ivy mantled door;

And I rest on the hearth Of the rulers of earth, And the peasant's sanded floor.

And I fondly burst through the prison bars, To gladden the captive's sight, And I may be seen like silvery sheen 'Mongst the infants' curls at night.

I throw a spell
O'er hill and dell,
As a spirit of love and light.

But the span of my life is a short, short one, And long I may not stay: Yet I would that men would follow my rule— To do the good they may;

And scatter seeds
Whence blossoming deeds
Should bloom in their brother's way.

MENA.

GENTLY, fondly, softly bear her To the place of rest, Silent as her soul was wafted Upwards by the blest; Let the sods ye place above her By sweet flowers be prest.

> Her's was a spirit Pure and mild, Tender in love As a little child;

By her hand
Was many a tear
Dried from the eyes
Of grief and fear;
In many a home
Where want had beem,
"Contentment smiled,"
And peace was seen;
Many a heart
To her laid bare,
Throbbed with delight
O'er vanquished care.

Her's was the power
Which day by day
Scattered gifts
In the needy's way.
Her's the sweet smile
At whose glad sight
Morning dashed
Thro' the shield of night,
Goodness linger'd
In her track,
And hope from its slumbers
Started back.

Gently, fondly, softly name her
When the shadows glide
O'er her tomb as calm as moonbeams
Rest upon the tide.
May thy virtues, darling Mena,
Circle far and wide.

SONG.

Oh! saw ye the form of my love
As she passed thro' the village to-day?
Her step was as light as the down
On the breast of the dove that doth lay.

Her tresses seemed looped by the beams Which the hand of the summer-time weaves; And the glance of her eyes was as bright As dew-drops half hid in rose leaves.

The ring of her laugh was like bells That joyously glide on the breeze, And she gracefully moved in the dance As the blossoms spring up on the trees.

Her teeth, like the queen of the pearls, Who rests on the bed of the sea, Outrival the mantle of snow Which hideth the smiles of the lea.

And they decked her with garlands of flowers And called her the Empress of May; But the flow'rets soon withered and died, Because she was fairer than they.

Then saw ye the form of my love As she passed through the village to day? Her step was as light as the down On the breast of the dove that doth lay.

DYING AND DEAD.

- DYING and Dead are the sweet flowers of life, and their blossoms have withered away,
- And the mantle of peace which enshrouded our love, has crumbled and gone to decay;
- And we gaze on the wreck of the sunny sublime, and dash the sad tear from our eye,
- But still a bright spirit will breathe in our ear, and tell us that hope lingers nigh.
- Dying and Bead are the friends of our youth, and sharp sorrow encircles our brow,
- And we think of the time when our hearts were quite warm, and contrast them with what they are now;
- And sorrowful thoughts will ascend to the mind, and we think it relief could we die,
- But still a bright spirit will breathe in our ear, and tell us that hope lingers nigh.
- Dying and Dead are the beings we loved, and a voice from the past we can hear,
- Like Nature's low dirge o'er the tomb of the world, a song of destruction and fear;
- And the dreams of the night bring them back once again, like phantoms of air flitting by;
- But still a bright spirit will breathe in our ear, and tell us that hope that lingers nigh.
- Dying and Dead are our parents beloved, and their places now vacant remain,
- And the ocean of life, on its turbulent crest, bears us onwards, and on to the main;

But still we will cling to the anchor of hope, and on that blest vision rely;

For still a bright spirit will breathe in our ear—upwards pointing a way through the sky.

SONG.

I.

COME where the heart, with gladness free, Drinketh in sounds extatic glee; Down where the cowslip gaily blows, Kissing with fondness the sweet moss rose; Where the lark, 'twixt sky and earth, Peals forth her song at day's new birth.

II.

Come where the heart, defying care, Utters, with hopes, its fervent prayer; Where the breeze, to a tuneful song, Striketh his harp as he rides along; Where the stars, from their thrones on high, Smile, as though feeling our cherished joy.

III.

Come where the heart may build with grace A palace home, for our hopes a place Where the future bright, from its silvery wings, A robe of peace around us flings:

Where the earth is bright, the heavens clear, And seraphs' voices salute the ear.

IV.

Come where the heart its lesson learns,
Of hopes o'er which the warm heart yearns;
Where the beaming eye, with its flashing light,
A language speaketh pure and bright;
Where hallowed rays, from the shrine above,
Gild lightly our hearts in their truthful love.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

THERE are voices ever speaking,
In whatever path we tread,
From the guileless lips of childhood,
Pleading for their daily bread.

From the homes of the departed,
Those we lov'd in days of yore,
Riseth sounds of deep lamenting,
You may press my lips no more.

From the bosom of the streamlet,

As it ripples on in glee,

Comes a voice of soft entreaty,

Sunbeam, rest awhile on me.

From the lilies' marble chalice,
From each blossom on the tree,
Mingling voices gently murmur,
Pearly dew-drop, stay with me.

From each leaf of every forest, From each bending blade of grass, Comes the invitation, fondly, Zephyr, kiss us as you pass.

From the bower where violets revel, From the jasmin's perfumed spray, Sighs are borne to blighting fingers, "Steal not all our sweets away."

There is music in the heavens,
Pealing from each starry zone,
Night by night they sweetly warble,
Queen of Night, ascend thy throne.

Every fountain hath its anthem,
Every river chaunts a strain,
And their song is wafted onward,
Echo'd by the boundless main.

When my heart is over-shadow'd
With a weary weight of care,
Where am I to look for comfort?
Past experience answers—where?

Then the harp which nature striketh,

Fills my soul with thoughts sublime,
Like to weeping skies the rainbow,

Such to me my Madeline.

FAIRY LAND.

ADA.

Pure is this world of ours, Leila, love; Happy its passing hours, Leila, love; Here, in the myrtle bowers,
Gaily the fountain showers,
Bright gems on blushing flowers,
Leila, love.

Here will I weave for thee,
Leila, love;
Wreath of the orange tree,
Leila, love;
Or, shall I deck thy hair,
Proudly with jasmine fair,
Graceful in beauty rare,
Leila, love.

Or, shall I aing to thee,
Leila, love?
Fondly and tenderly,
Leila, love;
Tell thee some tale of grief,
Where we may take relief*
Love's life is very brief,
Leila, love.

LEILA. '

Sister Ada, let us go, Where the violet sweet doth blow, Near the bank of fragrant thyme, Sister sing thy sweetest rhyme.

ADA SINGS.

I.

COME to the dell, where love abides,

And our fairy queen in the foxglove hides;

[•] The sixth line of the third verse refers to the ancient supposition, that there were a class of fairies who made it their especial duty to seek out distress among man, in order to relieve it.

Where we ride on the butterfly's mottled wing,
And point our darts with the gadfly's sting.

Come, stranger come,
For the fairles' life is a joyous thing.

II.

Moon-lit circles on the ground,
Fairy spirits dance around—
Sport beneath the eglantine
In the hare bell, blue, recline
When the hours of midnight chime,
Then it is our revel time—
At the faintest kiss of day
Fairy spirits flee away.

III.

Come to our grotto, where ever gleam

Eyes as bright as a lover's dream.

We know no winter—but blooming spring

Doth her casket of jewels before us fling.

Come, stranger come,

For the fairies' life is a joyous thing.

THE PALACE AND POOR-HOUSE.

THE twilight was falling, day sinking to rest,

And the sunbeams were seeking their couch in the west,

As I walked through the streets of a gay, busy town,

The shrine of excitement - a place of renown.

Both riches and beauty I found in my way, The flashing of bright gems, the songs of the gay, And strains of sweet music were floating around, So I paused, half entranced, at the magical sound.

Then a crowd passed me by, and I joined in the throng, And the joyous laugh rose as they hurried along, When we came to the Palace, and entered the hall, Where a robe, as of sunlight, around us did fall.

Then my eyes became dim—for a moment not more, All voices were hushed which were merry before, When there passed close beside me—I thought it a dream, Yet I heard many murmur—make way for the Queen!

Then the silence was broken, the dancers uprose,
And soft cheeks were tinged, as the first bud that blows,
And winged feet went gliding like sprites through the hall,
Contentment and mirth seemed the watchword of all.

Tiaras of pure gems and jewels were there, Which blushed as they fondled the brows of the fair, And velvets of purple, of crimson, and blue, Were festooned with tissues of exquisite hue.

Round pillars of marble were wreaths of sweet flowers, Whose breath was as fragrant as orange tree bowers, And fabrics of Persia were laid on the ground, Which kissed from each footfall the least sigh or sound.

Then vessels of silver and vases of gold,
Of costly formation and value untold,
Filled up to the margin, were placed on the board,
Which ground with the weight of its glittering hoard.

Yet methought, amidst all, that I often could see The glances of hate—but they swiftly would flee As the music pealed louder, the dancers reel by, And love dart its arrows from bright eye to eye.

Then my spirit grew weary as time passed away, But the revels con inued and startled the day: So I prayed to the seraphs their vigils to keep, And sought the embraces of peace-yielding sleep.

It was evining again as I passed through that town, And clouds in the sky on the earth bent their frown; The moaning of chill blasts was borne to mine ear From the north, like a dirge of bereavement and fear.

Then the hand of the tempest, with terrible might, Hurled its arrow of fire through the breast of the night; The spirit of thunder dashed on in his car, And startled the dreams of the pale ev'ning star.

Then seeking a shelter, I turned me around And observed a strange form that was crouched on the ground, Approaching, it started and glided away, But I followed its track 'midst the keen lightning's play.

We passed down a passage, with damp reeking floor, And came to the steps of an iron claspt door. By the gleam of a lamp, as it flick'ringly shone, I saw "Work House" carved in the bare lintel stone.

We entered the court-yard, which echoed our tread, For silence sat there, as in grief for the dead. Not a sound could be heard, but the dread tempest's roar, Which struggled to enter that iron bound door. Then I asked my companion to shew me the way

To the warmth of some hearth, till the storm should allay;

But he vacantly gazed, muttered this—nothing more—

"The law saith that fires are not good for the poor."

But he beck't me to follow, and entered a room, Which was shrouded in darkness as black as the tomb. He knelt on the cold earth and kindled a light, And held it aloft o'er a heart-rending sight.

On each side of the room there were ranged on the floor, Forms something like human, on pallets of straw. Each cheek was deep sunken, each damp stricken brow Was furrowed in lines by the ploughshare of woe.

There many pale lips told the thoughts of their dreams—
Of bridal bells pealing and happy May queens—
Of ivy wreathed cottage—the dance on the lea,
And the first tale of love, 'neath the old hazel tree.

The chill winds passed o'er them—the thunder pealed high, And startled the sleepers, who woke with a sigh. Reality came and reclined on each bed, As murmurs went up from each pauper for bread.

I turned from the scene, with a tear in mine eye,
As I thought of the gay throng which lately passed by,—
Of biting starvation and vessels of gold,—
Of the tale that the "Work House" and "Palace" had told.

TO MY SISTER BERTHA.

Do you ever think, dear Bertha,
When white-lock'd winter came,
How we gazed upon the pictures
He painted on the pane;
Or, how we cluster'd round the hearth,
When the breath of eve was cold,
And listen'd to the simple tale,
Our cherished mother told.

Or, how we closed the shutters,
And let the curtains fall,
To watch her snowy fingers sketch
The rabbit on the wall;
Or built frail palaces of cards,
Reared but to tumble down;
So, like the friendship of the world,
First smiles, and then a frown.

And how we often fortune tried,
With key and molten lead;
So happy, that we heeded not,
How swift the evening fled,
Till warned that we must place aside,
Our play things and our cares,
And bow, before our mother's knee,
To offer up our prayers.

And then, the holy kiss she gave, The soft, fond words, "good night," Filled up the chalice of our hearts With exquisite delight; And when in dream-land we had roved, Like spirits for a while, The morning would bring back again Her saint-like happy smile.

Cr, does remembrance, Bertha,
Ever wast across thine ear,
The songs the robin sweetly sung,
To glad the dying year?
When Flora ope'd her lattice,
To listen to the sound,
And dropt from out her bosom,
Pure snow-drops on the ground.

Or, how when spring, with gladden'd step, Came skipping merrily,
Along the dell, the blossoms smiled
Upon the lilac tree;
And when the sky was angry,
And sullenly looked down,
The sunbeams lovingly would come,
To kiss away the frown.

'Tis many, many years ago,
And some have pass'd away;
Home's sacred circle broken,
And ringlets dash'd with grey;
But our mother still is with us—
Be this our earnest pride,
To nourish, love, and bear her up,
On life's tempestuous tide.

I have wander'd far, dear Bertha,
And many changes seen,
But ne'er forget our childish sports
Upon the village green;
And ever o'er my rambling way,
And ever in my dreams,
The influence of thy loving words
In bright refulgence gleams.

And, oh! I trust that you and I, May hopefully pursue,

The journey of this life, and glean Thoughts beautiful and new!

May virtue be your guiding star,

Then angel songs will swell,

And seraphs echo back the theme,

She "doeth all things well."

THE DYING HUSBAND.

Let my head rest
In soft repose, above thy throbbing heart;
For, from the breast
I would my spirit homewards should depart.

And bring our child

To lay her hand upon my fevered brow;

She has beguiled

My saddened moments, many a time ere now.

Speak of the past,

When hope our youthful dreamings happy made;

But, oh! how fast

The morning of our joy has turned to shade.

I've seen a star
Shine like a diamond in the robe of night,
In realms afar,
Turn pale beneath the searching glance of light.

Fve watched a beam

Gazing in glee from dancing sunlit eyes,

With mellow gleam,

Snatched by the tempest from the summer skies.

And such is life—

For who can tell when gladness leads the way,

How soon may strife

Discordant music on our heartstrings play.

Thou'rt weeping, dear!
I see a trembling tear within thine eye!
Nay, do not fear,
But once more smile upon me ere I die.

Lift me with care—

And let me feel the pressure of thy circling arm:

Breathe one short prayer,

To bathe my soul within its hallowing charm.

Oh! near me stay—

A veil seems drawn before my ebbing sight—

I hear you pray,

Which plumes my pinions for the upward flight.

Now place my head

Softly and loving in its last repose:

And when I'm dead—

Speak kindly of me, as my eyes ye close.

From yonder zone
I see them coming on the flashing wing
To take me home;
I hear their voices in sweet chorus sing!

Now, one more kiss!

A parting off'ring to my sunken cheek—
Oh! this is bliss—

Nur—ture our—babe— * * * * * *

TIME.

Time, silent time,
As on thou rollest in the car of years,
Oh! how sublime
The working of thy mystic hand appears.

Time, mighty time,

Thou passest o'er the foam crest of the sea;

Thro' every clime

Thy flight is onward to eternity.

Time, joyous time,
Thou weav'st round many forms thy fairy spells,
The pealing chime
Is thy voice singing in the bridal bells.

Time, weary time,

How many meet thee with a look of dread;

Thy fingers twine

A wreath of woe around the aching head.

Time, watchful time,

Thy trace is seen where virtue's children dwell,

In haunts of crime,

And in the gloom that shrouds the felon's cell.

Time, solemn time,

Thy robe is trailed o'er many a lowly bed,

For all are thine,

The wakeful living, and the sleeping dead.

VOICE OF TIME.

I come from afar, O'er a wide domain, 'Cross sterile steeps And verdant plain, Over the desert, Wild and drear, Where famine whoops With a shout of fear. Have watched the fall Of the autumn leaves, And kissed the lips Of the summer sheaves; Have bound my brows With a floral crown, And woven a garment From thistle down; And I have heard The earthquake's shock-Tree dashed 'gainst tree, And rock 'gainst rock;

Have seen the volcano's Stalwart hand Hurling aloft His burning brand; Have heard the song Of the simoon rise Like a funeral dirge To the startled skies; And I have been Where hands of ice Grasp the hills In their frozen vice; Have roamed o'er the ocean, Where islands wide Bent their brows To the surging tide; Have again re-passed On my ceaseless way, But I found them not, And where are they ?*

I have smiled when the hands
Of the setting sun
For the western sky
Hath a mantle spun,
For its tissues of crimson,
Blue and gold,
Come back to my heart
Like friends of old;
And when the fingers
Of frowning night
Hath drawn a robe
O'er the dazzling sight,
From the slumbering earth

[•] Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," relates the fact, that several islands have been known gradually to disappear under the ocean.

I mount afar, And ride on the wings Of the shooting star; When the feet of the morn Come dancing down, And trip o'er the hamlet, And silent town; To its joyous measure I glide along, And with rapture list To the skylark's song; I sit on the clouds, 'Midst the lightning's flash, When the thunder-bolts On the mountains crash; When the blue-eyed fair Of her lover dreams, I weave in her tresses, My pale moon-beams.

I pass by the couch
Of pain and woe,
Silently—calm
As a flake of snow;
I breathe on the lily
That hangs with pride,
In the wavy locks
Of the happy bride;
But a moment more,
And the self-same breath,
Hath rustled the pall
That hideth death;
Where the flame of battle
Ascendeth high,

And butchers of men Their passions ply; Where sculptured urn And cypress tree, Tell their tales of mortality; On the lofty tomb, And humble grave, On pulpit, cloister, Steeple, nave, On oceans, forests, Sky, and land, I carve my name With steady hand; Until the world Shall melt with fire, My course is on, I never tire.

BE CHEERFUL.

- BE cheerful when the spring-time comes, and nature weeps no more,
- And earth assumes her emerald garb, with jewels spangled o'er;
- When birds with mellow notes prolong the songs of other times.
- And woodlands echo back with joy those sounds like heavenly chimes;
- When violets scent the balmy breeze, and cowslips blossom fair.
- As though an angel had come down and made his dwelling there.

Be cheerful when the summer's rose and woodbine twine in glee,

And ivy clings with fond embrace around the old oak tree; When voices full of melody come murm'ring from the stream, And ripples roll on joyously, like lover's fairest dream;

When sunbeams like a lady gay, toy with the fountain's apray,

Who, laughing, casts its liquid gems around our hopeful way.

Be cheerful when the autumn comes, with plenty's brightest store,—

A time of glad rejoicing, to the rich as well as poor;

When Nature gives her marriage feast, to which all men are free,

And eager children crowd around the blushing cherry-tree;
When stars with double radience shine, like diamonds far
away,

Who peep within the lattice, to watch the infant pray.

Be cheerful when the winter winds and blasts sweep to and fro,

And earth receives her yearly rents of tempests, frosts, and snow:

When rivers seal their breasts from man, and leaves upon the ground,

Like fairies' hoops innumerable twirl round, and round, and

Be cheerful midst the chilly change, and in it wisdom see, For autumn, spring, and summer too, again shall visit thee.

CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

I.

THRICE welcome, dear friend of the past, But where are thy pinions of snow? Have the lips of our sunny clime kissed The icicle crown from thy brow?

II.

Did she silently creep to thy couch, And steal the frost gems from thy curls? Did the spirit of summer come down And rifle thy casket of pearls?

III.

Thou art changed since we knew thee in youth,

Then your garments were sparkling with sleet;

And out from the gale

You came cold and pale,

But now there's a glow on thy cheek.

IV.

Old Christmas, dear Christmas, Pine not at the change: Pet Christmas, hale Christmas, Do not deem it strange; We will twine a fragrant wreath, Jovial friend for thee; Wattle blossoms smile as brightly As the Holly tree.

V.

For our children from the windows,
Gaze down upon the street;
And whisper "he is ceming,"
We can hear his welcome feet,
With bright eyes,
And merry cries,
They cease awhile from play:

They cease awhile from play; And light the Christmas tapers To cheer thee on thy way.

VI.

And memory wafteth back again

The scenes of olden times,
When the "Waits" at midnight woke ...3,
And we listened to the chimes,
With the mellow rise and ringing
Of the bells' sweet voices singing,
A healing song of welcome, which the echoes loudly cheer;
As they start up from the hills
And dance o'er the frozen rills
To hear the tidings onward, that Christmas draweth near.

VII.

With the old-fashioned flagon,
And flaming snap dragon,
The chestnuts we threw in the embers pure glow;
The terror fraught story
Of ghosts lank and gory,
And the kisses we stole 'neath the mistletoe bough.

VIII.

The forfeit and fine,
And hot elder wine,

The molten lead poured thro' the mystical key;
The forests and plains
On the frost-crusted panes,

And the carol, that rose from our warm hearts in glee.

IX.

Yet we brood not In sadness, But journey on With gladness, And thankful souls when thinking of the good old Christmas Aloud we lift Our voices, As a young bride Who rejoices, And give the welcome Christmas to our genial golden clime: Old Christmas, dear Christmas, Pine not at the change; Pet Christmas, hale Christmas, Do not deem it strange; We will twine a fragrant wreath Jovial friend for thee; Wattle blossoms smile as brightly As the Holly tree.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

I.

"Movn slowly,
Speak lowly,"
The winds are sighing, sighing
"With noiseless tread
Approach his bed,
For the old year is dying, dying."

II.

For a friend was he,
And gave to thee

Much of treasure and joy, I ween;
On the floor
Of rich and poor

The print of his welcome feet is seen.

III.

Tell in his ear
"We are crowding near,
To chaunt thy spirit away;"
That his eye dim
From the soft hymn
May gather a parting ray.

IV.

His rapid life
Has been one of strife,
There's blood on his trembling hand;
The loud roar
Of battle and war
He has carried from land to land.

v.

Shut out the wail
That comes on the gale
From ten thousand, thousand dead;
With a sweet grace
In a soft place,
With kind hands lay his head.

VI.

Hush! he sleepeth;
Let him be;
For his life-sparks
Upward flee
For ever.
Close the stars, out
Screen the skies,
For their light
Shall greet his eyes—
Never.

VII.

Hush! he dreameth:
Breathless listen;
On his cheeks
The tear-drops glisten—
Grieving—
Down his face,
Upon the pillow,
And he waketh,
As a billow,
Heaving.

VIII.

Now he speaketh;
Draw still nigher;
Trim the lamp,
And stir the fire;
Fan his brow
And amooth his hair;
Let him leave the world as fair
As he found it—
Let him go
In the arms
Of Hope's rainbow.

IX.

He meekly tells
Of his only child
Who will wear his crown;
And his speech grows mild:
The ashes fall,
From the chilling grate,
And twelve will soon look
From the dial plate.

X.

Speak to him lowly,
Tenderly—slowly;
The winds are sighing, sighing;
Breathe in his ear
"We are crowding near
To bless thee when dying—dying."

XI.

Tell him, with love,
That the son he leaves
Shall glean from your lives
Truth's golden sheaves;
Then cover his face
At the midnight chime
And lay him to rest
With departed time.

TO MOUNT ALEXANDER.

MOUNT! where anxious eyes are turning, Beacon bright to weary poor; Hope is hovering o'er thy coffers, Knocking at thy treasure door.

Tomb of precious boundless treasure— Loadstone of the heart's desire; Mount of hope, whose fairy fingers Music sweeps from golden lyre.

Hills surround thee, calmly sleeping, Dreaming as in days of yore; Fondly nestling to their bosom, Earth's unseen, but mighty store.

Now they try thy sleep to banish, Piercing, tearing, digging deep, Boring, undermining, picking At thy bosom; thou dost weep Tears of gold, both great and heavy; Fast they fall, and faster still, Till a stream of UNBORN money Hearts and eyes with rapture fill.

EMBLEMS.

NO. I.

A TEMPEST had come from its cloudy halls
And passed with a reckless tread,
O'er the bowing heads of the forest trees
Whose leaves in terror fled,
A sigh of despair, uprose on the air
As the hurricane onward sped.

It mounted the sides of the craggy steep
With a dauntless, eager stride,
And struck the hills, with its iron hand,
With a glance of defying pride;
Then it lifted the rocks in its brawny arms
And dashed them down in the tide.

Then it entered the gates of the silent street
And brandished its spear around,
When eastle and hall were seen to fall,
With a groan to the trembling ground;
The print of its ruthless, blasting foot,
On every side was found.

Now it rested awhile, as if wearied out
With its dire destructive play,
And the stars which had hid their frightened forms,
Now peeped thro' the milky way;
And I saw by the gleam of the waking moon
A violet crowned with spray.

And I, musing, thought how the giant rocks,
By the hand of the tempest prest,
Should flee away, yet the dew-drop lay
Asleep on the violet's breast:
That the trees should shake, and steep hills quake,
But disturb not its gentle rest.

Then I understood the moral it told,
Which it preacheth to one and all,
That the weak shall inherit the blest estate,
But the proud in heart shall fall;
That peace may be found in the humble cot,
And dread in the lordly hall.

EMBLEMS.

NO. II.

As I lingered, sadly thinking,
By a mountain's rushing tide,
I' observed that many bubbles
Did upon its bosom ride;
Eddying, reeling, dancing, bursting,
As they on did glide.

And many skipt up joyously
Where others danced before,
But they trembled and departed
At the torrent's sullen roar;
Yet they came, and went, and drifted
In continual pour.

And I likewise saw a lity
Bending gracefully and low
To kiss the torrent's liquid lips
Which dash'd it to and fro;
But it breathed forth sweeter essence,
And brighter far did grow.

Then the emblem rose before me, Of earth's currents, deep and wide, And of those who float, careering On its turbid, troubled tide; Like globules on its surface, Swell'd with pomp and pride.

And the few who mingle lovingly To bind the heart that bleeds, Scat'ring upon the stream of life The balm of kindly deeds; Yet here and there a lily peeps From rank and tangled weeds.

NENA, THE CHILD.

I.

On! she was beautiful,
Gentle and dutiful,
Pure as a pearl on the couch of the sea;
With her words music blent,
Sweet as the anthem sent
Up to the stars, by the flowers of the Lea.

II.

Oft in the evening calm
Memory will waft its balm,
Thrilling my heart, with an extacy wild;
Thro' my enraptured soul
Waves of delight do roll
Billows of fondness for Nena, the child.

III.

Now am I all alone,
She was my life, my own,
I was a wilderness—she was its flower,
Mournful and sad I sigh,
Watching the moments fly,
Chiding the winds that have rifled my bower.

IV.

Down by the silver stream
Wander I in a dream,
Calling my darling—but echo replies;
Yet the tall lily bell
Hides in her waxen cell
The love-lighted glances of Nena's fond eyes.

v.

Still I can see her face

Bathed in a smile of grace,

Calm as the look that an angel doth wear;

Far in the purple skies,

When the East sun-beam dies,

Low voices whisper "thy Nena is there."

VI.

Still round the vacant chair
Linger her words of prayer,
Breathing in music strains—holy and mild;
Words that called spirits down
With a bright jewelled crown
Made for the tresses of Nena, the child.

VII.

Oh! I remember
One bleak cold December,
When Nature had festooned the branches in sleet,
How my idol—my pride—
My ark on Life's tide,
Reclined on the hearth, like a star at my feet.

VIII.

When her love-laden words,
Like the song of spring birds,
Winged upwards and on, to the groves of the blest:
And how on my breast,
She slumbered in rest,
Her head hid in curls, like a dove in its nest.

IX.

I have watched from the North
A rainbow glide forth,

And gracefully bend, till her lips kissed the sea!
Who, amazed at her charms,
Uplifted his arms,

Pressed her down to his heart, in the height of his glee.

X.

I have seen summer showers
Sprinkle gems on the flowers,
Diamonds, rubies, and sapphires on emeralds piled;
But the sea and the bow,
And the dewdrops pure glow,
All pined at the presence of Nena, the child.

XI.

Oh! she was beautiful,
Gentle and dutiful,
Pure as a pearl on the couch of the sea;
With her words music blent,
Like to the anthem sent,
Up to the stars—by the flowers of the Lea.

ON CLAUDE'S RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

I stood and beheld thee, Claude,
Pining and lowly,
And thought thou wert leaving us,
Surely, but slowly.
On thy pale marble brow
Suff'ring was seen;
And I thought of thee, sweet one,
And what thou had'st been.

Friends gathered round thee, love, Weeping in sorrow, Wrapping their sad hearts In dread of the morrow; And silently, solemnly,
Night shadows twined,
And the stars came and went,
Yet they left thee behind.

Then thy fond mother came, pet,
And sat by thy side,
And she kissed thee, and called thee
Her darling,—her pride;
And her hands touched the keys,*
When thine eyes, before dim,
Beamed brightly again
At the music-breathed hymn.

Then I prayed, "Claudie," darling,
The angels to bring
A robe of protection
Around thee to fling;
On the wings of the morning
I heard them pass by,
So I knew thou wert better,
And wept with deep joy.

Come, smile again, baby mine,
Prattle and say,
Canst thou hear the sweet tones
Of the harps, far away?
Or, do the angelic forms,
Breathe in thine ear,
"Thou shalt stay with thy mother,
And we will be near?"

The child being almost unconscious, the effect of music was tried, with the result recorded above.

MADELINE.

I.

In the gathering twilight of yester'een,
I, with my gentle Madeline,
Walked;
Clasped in mine was a little hand;
Calmly she, of a distant land,
Talked.

II.

Spake of many a joyous hour

When the woodbine came to the summer bower

Creeping;

And how the chill winds passing found

The withering blossoms on the ground,

Weeping.

III.

Then she mentioned, with saddened breath,

How the silent messenger—Death—

Came;

And caught in his arms one young and fair,

Leaving inscribed on the vacant chair

A name.

IV.

And how she read it, day by day,
Sighing for him, who, far away,
Went;
But who, in answer to her prayer,
A loving spirit, to soothe her care,
Sent.

v.

Pure, her words were, as flakes of snow
That lightly lay on the earth's pale brow,
Caressing;
It seemed, as she murmured in mine ear,
An angel dropped from Faith's pure sphere,
A blessing.

VF.

It came to my heart, with a joyous tone,

The fairy of my dreams, my own,

Was near;

My soul was wrapped round the treasured prize,

And I kissed away, from her down-cast eyes,

A tear.

THE. DYING CHILD.

TO LEILA.

Will you throw the casement open, and place me in my chair,
That I may once more gaze upon the hills and valleys fair?
'Tis long since I have seen the skies, or heard the fountain's
song,

Or, marked the snow-flakes on the ground, like lambkins skip along.

And pluck for me that pure white rose—Ive watched it many a day

Come peeping through the window, then sighing, turn away: It seemed a spirit sorrowing, but, like a man who grieves, Would turn aside to hide its tears among the clustering leaves. How cool the loving breeze doth come to play amongst my hair.

As if it knew that I were sick, and fondled me with care!
And listen to the linnet—there, in that lilac tree:
I wonder if it learnt its song, to come and sing to me?

Is that the merry joyous laugh of schoolboys at their play?

There was a time when I could shout, and run as fast as they;

But now I'm feeble, mother, and my breath comes very slow, And faces that I used to love, I scarcely seem to know.

Now sit quite close beside me, and let me hold your hand, And tell me that sweet story about the better land; Where little sister Mena went,—you say she now has wings, And that she plays upon a harp—a harp with golden strings.

And do you think, dear mother, that in the solemn night, The angels ever come to earth, dressed in their robes of light? For often when I lay awake, I think of God and pray, And see a bright form by my bed, which beckons me away.

I'm very tired, mother; lay my head upon your breast,
'Tis the warmest, softest pillow, where my aching brows
should rest;

I feel as if an icy thing did o'er my body creep,—
A heaviness upon my eyes, as tho' I want to sleep.

Take me gently, mother, darling, and lay me on my bed;
But put your arm beneath me, just underneath my head,
And let me see your loving face, and watch your tearful eye,
And press upon my lips, mother, one kiss before I die.

And when I'm gone, my bird and cage to cousin Ada give:
Tell her to keep them for my sake, as long as she shall live;
And let her have my garden,—I know that she will save
Some flowers for me, when she will come to sit beside my
grave.

What is that music, mother, which sounds so far away?

The sun has gone, and yet it seems to be as light as day.

Oh! take me in your arms again, and on your gentle breast

Let angels find me, when they come, to take me up to rest!

SUNRISE.

PART I.

I.

From out the portals of the purple sky
The rosy morn appears
To bind the blossoms in its warm embrace
And kiss away their tears.
The distant hills are gladdened at her step,
The organ of the breeze
Sweepeth among the curls of golden grain,
And whispers in the trees.

II.

Up, eddying up, high soars the tuneful lark,
To pour in sweetest lay;
The soul of music, as a sacrifice,
Before the God of day!
The hyacinth and pure anemone
A gift of fragrance yield,
Which mingles with the honey breaths that skip
Down in the clover fields.

III.

The lisping dewdrops whisper to the flowers—
"Arise, the day is here;"
They lift their veils, and turn their blushing cheeks
To hide a joyous tear.
The sighing branches murmur to the dove,
"The sunbeams seek thy nest;"
She flies to meet them, with a flashing wing,
And folds them to her breast.

IV.

The ivy looks, with fond love-lighted eyes, Up to the old church spire,
Which brightens at the coming of the sun As glows a flame of fire.
The woodbine weaves a coronet of sweets
To crown the balmy air;
The harp of earth bursts forth in melody,
And Nature joins in prayer!

V.

Open the casement, Ada, mine,
I hear the song of the rose;
It trilleth—"waken, dear lily, wake,
For the breath of the morning blows.
Waken, lily, and come with me,
To the bank where the violets play;
And we'll be first with a cup of sweets—
Of sweets for the rising day."

VI.

I hear the voice of the lily bell—
"Im ready, my rose, my bride;
But shall we not stay, as we pass the knoll,
Where the golden cowslips hide?"
We will call to the woodbine—"waken, oh! wake,
And hasten the primrose away,
If you would be with us to offer a cup
Of sweets to the new-born day."

VII.

I hear a strain, from the heathery bank, "Wait lily and rose, we come; We only linger to leave a kiss
At the door of the dew-drop's home;
Stay, lily, stay; we must waft a kiss
To the stars which have trembled away;
And then we will haste with a chrystal cup
Of sweets for the coming day."

VIII.

Then, open the casement, Ada, mine,
Let the sunshine fall on thy hair;
Open the casement, and rival the rose,
And rival the lily, my fair!
Strike up a song on the lute of thy heart—
The echoes will bear it away,
And thou shalt be first to offer the sweets
Of thanks to the blushing day.

SUNRISE.

PART II.

I.

Above—around,
With solemn sound,
The voices of the night,
Low ringing,
Are singing,
"Adieu! my children bright."

II.

They chime farewell
To the tall harebell,
From the violet comes a sigh;
The nightshade creeps
To its couch and weeps,
And the poplar shouts—"good bye."

III.

The laughing sea,
With buoyant glee
Danceth before her car;
She hurries along
To its surging song
And sinks on the breast of a star,

IV.

My heart is full, my soul is full
Of Thee, oh God, divine!
Thy hand I feel, and grateful kneel
Before thy sasred shrine.

v.

The sea and land, at Thy command,

Are decked with love and light;

Thou mad'st the sky and bright firefly,

And lit the lamps of night.

VI.

From Thee the flowers and summer showers

Come smiling to the earth;

To Thee the breeze—and forest trees

Unite in songs of mirth.

VII.

My soul is full, my heart is full,
My spirit drinks delight;
I view Thy power—in every hour,
Oh God of day and night!

THE BLIND BOY.

I will sit beside you, mother, on this warm, warm sunny day,

And you shall tell me how the birds upon the waters play; Or where the ripples fondly come to kiss the pebbly shore; For my eyes are heavy, mother, and I can see no more. Are the stars as bright now, mother, as they were when I could see?

And are the flowers as lovely as they then appear'd to me? For I often think about them thro' the long and weary day; But I cannot see them, mother, for my sight has fled away.

I often touch their blossoms, and lay them on my breast;

For the flowers, like children, mother, dear, all need a place of
reat:

And I remember, when a child, one cold and stormy day, Came to my garden, mother, and stole my flowers away.

And tell me, mother, darling, are the trees as green and gay?

And are the hawthorn bushes clothed in crimson-tinted spray?

For their breath comes sweetly to me, and they seem to speak so mild

When they send their perfumed offering to your own—your sightless child.

So I will sit beside you, mother, and you shall sing to me
The song you always used to chant, when I was on your

A little child—your only one: yes, sing again to me, And 1 will fall asleep and dream that I again can see.

JOY BELLS.

I.

YES, the world is beautiful: Cherish it, oh! man; Find some good in every feature Of its mighty plan. The winds all sing "be happy;"
The chimes of stars above
Break in upon our dreaming
With a song of love—DEEP LOVE.

II.

The anthem of the ocean
Rides on the humming air,
Whose lips, believe, oh! mortal,
Come to kiss away thy care.
Aye, e'en the nightly shadows,
As they creep around our hearth,
Are silent messengers who bring
A treasure-trove of mirth.

III.

So, I am happy,—
Very happy,
In my friendships, in my loves:
Earth hath bowers,
And radient flowers;
I, a pair of household doves.

IV.

If the sea,
With modest glee

Decks her brow with sapphire toys;
Ada brings
And Leila flings

To my heart as precious joys.

v.

I have heard
Some glad spring bird
Wrap in music—hills and dells;
But as sweet
In home's retreat
My pet nieces—laughter swells.

VI.

If a sprite
At calm twilight
Up from violet blossoms flew;
I would turn
And thankful learn
That their eyes were quite as blue.

VII.

If from trees
On the harping breeze
Music wings to the starry zone,
My two birds
With their mimic words
Fill my soul, with as rich a tone.

VIII.

So I am happy,—
Very happy,
In my idols, and in my loves;
And I feel quite blest
When I fondle to rest,
And sing to their dreams—my household doves.

ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE FOUN-DATION STONE OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

MARCH 14TH, A.D. 1855.

Wearied in mind, I sought a place of rest,
Raddened in soul, and heart with grief opprest;
For I had heard that war's dread form was seen
Buckled in armour, and with sabre keen
Careering in his car, whose wheels passed o'er
Thousands of slain and fields of human gore;
That peace was crouching by her fireless hearth,
With harp-strings broken, hushed her songs of mirth,
And that destruction watched with wanton glee
Her offspring dance beneath each household tree.

I stood and gazed upon the Southern Cross,
On lands round which Pacific's billows toss,
Nature reclined upon her couch at ease,
And bared her bosom to the soothing breeze;
The stream in gladness rippled by her side,
And in her curls the moonbeams sought to hide;
Above my head the mountains towered afar
To lay their crowns before the ev'ning star;
The breath of blossoms fondled with the air,
As Cupid sporteth with his Psyche fair.

I deemed that THIS must be the place of rest,
The shrine of love, with peace and plenty blest.
When to mine ear there came a wailing cry,
Like autuma gives when winter passeth by;
And then, methought, I saw young children rise,
Arrayed in garments black as tempest skies;

I marked that grief was brooding on each face,
A look of sorrow in each eye could trace.
There was no cheerful smile—no merry song,
No joyous peal of laughter, loud and long;
No light elastic step, or bounding race,
No ringlets waving on the wind with grace;
A mournful band, they passed upon their way,
So unlike those who with the wild flowers play;
Each, looking upwards, meekly pleading, said,
"Father, give us this day our daily bread,
For in this world of sorrow and of woe
A parent's tender care we never more may know."

That prayer was answered; and I gladly heard
How kindness had the hearts of many stirr'd
To raise a structure, where the helpless young
Might rest secure from hunger's fiery tongue.
Faith plume thy wings, and from thy burnished throne,
Sweep down to earth and kiss the lintel stone;
Hope, on the portal take thy loving stand,
And to the needy lend a helping hand;
Hail! Charity, inscribe above the door
The motto—" Welcome, Orphans of the poor!"

Ye hills of Barrabool, break forth in song, Echoes mysterious, bear the strain along; 'Awake, Avoca's fairy vale, arise, And shew the glances of thy sparkling eyes! Ye Barwon waters, chant with melody The glorious tidings to the rapturous sea; Ye heaving waves that kiss our rocky strand, Pass on the watchword to our "Fatherland." God grant prosperity may shed its ray
Around the generous deed performed this day;
That from the spring a river broad may flow,
And from the seed wide-spreading branches grow;
That peace may form, from Heaven's resplendent dome,
A starry diadem to grace the Orphans' Home!

SELF.

Self, self, nothing but selfishness Clutches the world with its talons of fire; Onward, careering, ever insatiable, Steady in purpose, it seldom doth tire.

High o'er the earth doth its black banner flutter,— Fiercely it moaneth o'er ocean's deep bed, Gasping the widows' and orphans' possessions, Laving their souls in a fountain of dread.

Self, self, nothing but selfishness Hangs o'er our land, like an ill-omened star; Hoarsely it soundeth the trumpet of battle, Gathering vast legions to terrible war.

There, in the palace, where princes assemble;—
Here, in the pulpit, the senate, the bar:
"Give," is the watchword, the multitude's motto;
Near us it dwells, and it revels afar.—

Why is it so, in this age of advancement?
Kindness should conquer, and love should abound:
Surely, distresses should teach us compassion,—
Decking our lives as do blossoms the ground.

Self has ruled long enough, old is its sceptre, Hoary its ringlets, and boundless its reign; Still there is hope in the bleak waste around us, If we trustingly search, a few jewels remain.

THE STORMY PETREL.

Bird of the downy wing,
Whither hast come?
Where is the place
Of thy mystical home?
Is it where zephyrs go?
Or where pure streamlets flow?
Tell me thy story,
For fain would I know.

Is it where orange trees
Wave on the wind?
Or where sweet fragrance
The jasmine doth find?
Is it where fairies bright
Dance through the starry night?
Bird of the ocean,
On this throw a light.

Softly now whisper
Thy tale in mine ear;
Fondly I'll listen—
There's nothing to fear.
Long have I wished to know,
When the black tempests blow,
Ruffling thy plumage fair,
Where dost thou go!

Ridest thou fearlessly
On the dark wave,
Laughing at danger,
And scorning a grave?

Dost thou, when billows rise
Up to the low'ring skies,
In their blue waters

Most lovingly lave?

Bird of the dancing sea,

Whither hast come?

Where is the place

Of thy mystical home?—

Is it where zephyrs go?

Or where pure streamlets flow?

Tell me thy story,

For fain would I know.

CHARITY.

FAITH, HOPE, and CHABITY, a wise decree
Hath made the passport to eternity:
Their pinions waft the weary soul above,
Where ransomed spirits bathe in seas of love,
Where martyrs live, and tortured prophets dwell;
And hallelujahs, like to billows swell,
Along the aisles of Heaven's resplendent home,
And rise as incense to its starry dome.

Great art thou, FAITH, the anchor of the mind,

A lily round a blighted violet twined,

A ray of light on night's dark bosom seen,

The last faint glance, where sparkling eyes have been.

Thy gaze is upwards, thro' grief's heavy tears, Thou sees't the coming of far brighter years; When sorrow looms upon our loving things, Thou bringest balm upon thy healing wings; When in our midst death takes his silent place, And sets his mark on some beloved face, We feel our sadness—by thy mantle fan'd, As on thou cleavest to the "better land."

HOPE, thou art mighty, as a mountain strong, With thee existence gently glides along; The lovers' dreamings, 'neath the pale moon light, Are graced by thee as star beams deck the night. The poet's musings bow before thy throne, Around thy bowers the student's thoughts are sown, Within the blossoms round the cottage door Thy smile is seen, thou angel of the poor! Thy merry glances beam from many a gem, Whose bright lips pant to kiss a diadem; Thy form reclines in childhood's silky hair, Fondled to curling by a Mother's care. The distant hills of life thou crown'st with gold -A glorious vision to the young and old! By thee forsaken, earth would pine and die, And stars, like tears, pour from the weeping sky!

Greatest of all art thou, blest CHARITY, Essence eternal of the Deity;
Thy chrystal stream, around Jehovah's seat, Circles to kiss the great Creator's feet;
The golden portals of the happy clime
Are opened by thee, as a strain divine.
From Seraph choristers, in glory drest,
Chants up a spirit to its lasting rest:—

Thou art an ocean, and thy billows flow
Where Nature moans, and droops her head in woe!
Thou art a rainbow, when the tempest lowers,
In sullen mood on beauty's fading flowers!
Thy voice is comfort, and thy treasure hand
Draws sorrow's veil from off a sighing land.
Thy breath is sweet, we feel thy warming kiss
Upon our brows—a coronet of bliss!

Hunger and penury, when thou art nigh,
Their garments take, and on to darkness fly;
Weakness gains strength—the trembling palsied arm
Stretcheth itself beneath thy potent charm!
The tottering feet by thee are gently led,
The orphan daily by thy hand is fed;
When on the mount, Salvation's flag unfurled,
Hosannahs met thee from a ransomed world.
Come forth, Oh! man, ye prosperous people give
The means by which earth's suffering children live;
Shall charity, in vain, your help demand?
Say, will ye turn, in scorn, from her command?

There was a beggar at a rich man's door,
Who feasted daily from his teeming store;
Arrayed in purple and fine linen, music played,
Within his halls, as fainting Lazarus prayed
Till angels came, and took his spirit home,
And demons revelled in the rich man's doom.
Purple and linen—music, could not save
His shrinking body from a fiery grave;
Hunger and sores could not the beggar wrest
From peaceful slumber on the Patriarch's breast!

Oh, man, be wise! by gold thou cans't not climb Salvation's ladder to a throne sublime:— Faith, Hope, and Charity, thy guides will be— The surest of them being charity.

GET UNDERSTANDING.

Thus spake the Wise Man, in the time of old, "Get understanding rather than fine gold;" And still the words re-echo, far and near, As seasons rise, with each revolving year. We hear them when the day retires to rest, And draws the curtains of the blushing West; They murmur, when the night, with muffled tread, Traileth her mantle o'er the solemn dead. In every clime, in every age they sound, From Summer's sky, and Winter's frozen ground; From Lapland's steeps, and Java's balmy air; From Afric's deserts, India's regions fair: From North to South, from East to West, they glide Upon the tempest and the dreaming tide. They cleave the thunder, and the lightnings play Like fiery arrows in their onward way. And what they preached, to us again is told, "Get understanding rather than fine gold."-The voice is heard, assembled hundreds meet To rear for Thought a calm and safe retreat. Age, youth, and childhood, each enact their part, With earnest zeal, the offspring of the heart; From off the altar of a flashing zone, A spark descendeth on the corner stone; Whence flames as pure as angel thoughts shall rise, A glowing column to the illumined skies

Knowledge awakens from her troubled sleep-Smileth on earth, and boweth to the deep-Mounts on the storm, whose chorus long and loud, Peals like an organ from each black'ning cloud-Speaks to the heart a language, pure, divine, As anthem swelling of the tuneful Nine. Flora comes forth, and on the laughing land Scatters gay blossoms with a lavish hand; The forest trees lift up their mighty voice; River and stream, with bounding steps rejoice; Star joins with star, and dance in joy along, Heaven's spangled pathway to the zephyr's song; The silent moonbeams weave a silvery web, To bind the snow-wreaths on the mountain's head; The ocean veil sunfingers draw aside, And bright eyes glance beneath its azure tide; Where coral halls, with gates of pearl reveal The mermaid robed in garb of burnished steel: Where fairy artists paint the enamelled shells, Whose lisping tongues repeat their ceaseless spells. Fancy's keen vision, thro' the future scans The age of Reason, solving Wisdom's plans; When war shall cease—oppression yield its breath, And false ambition bow its head in death; When meek compassion, on her gentle breast Shall rock the world, and sing mankind to rest; When love shall stretch her shielding pinions wide, To cast their shadow over vanquished pride; When hatred shrinketh from mild pity's sight, And, hurried, glides to realms of endless night; When bigotry shall flee at freedom's call, And ransomed Nature triumph in the fall: Thus shall it be, when men with heart combined, In reverence kneel before the throne of Mind.

Hail! Genius, hail! spirits of old arise,

Burst from your tombs, ye men renowned and wise,—
Children of song, loud strike the living Lyre,
Kindle our spirits with your hallowed fire!
Daughters of hope, with joyous feet elate,
Circle the Temple we now dedicate.
Bring from the future to our sons a name,
And write our daughters in the book of fame!

LAYS OF THE POOR.

NO. I.

WHEN spring and summer had pined away,
And autumn smiled no more,
And winter stood weeping frozen tears
Beside the cotter's door,
From the snow-clad ground
Uprose a sound
Of pleading for the poor.

For a wail went up on the startled air,

A troubled cry for bread,

And it broke the stillness of midnight's reign,

Like a moaning for the dead:

Yet still despair

Was waving there

His banner over head.

And the anguished tone of that mournful voice
Re-echoed far and wide,
And it swept through the land with a dismal chant,
Like the surge of a tempest tide;
And it reached the gate
Of a pampered state,
And the marble halls of pride.

And it told of the infant at the breast,
Of the youth and sged sire,
Of the cold dank walls and empty shelves,
Of the hearth without a fire;
Of the racking pain
And reeling brain.
And its sound rose higher and higher.

And it spoke of each weary day they pass,
Of the troubled dreams of night;
Of the fainting heart, and the eager eye,
That searched in vain for light;

• Of the spectre hand,
Which o'er the land
Had scattered disease and blight.

But as it wailed, from the ocean's crest
A hand was seen to rise,
And it pointed above to the starry cross
That kisseth the Southern skies;
And it lifteth a brand
Which disclosed a land
Where plenty her engine plies.

Then hope arose from her sleepless couch,
And braided her auburn hair,
And she twined her arms round the neck of faith,
And sung of the future fair;
And she brighter grew,
As the spectre flew
With the banner of black despair.

LAYS OF THE POOR.

NO. II.

Will you tell me, sister dearest,

Why the poor are so oppressed,

And why they slave to give the rich

Their luxury and rest?

Why 'tis work,—incessant work for them,

In sunshine and in rain,

From morn till shadows leave the hills

To glide across the plains?

For, often in the meadows,

As I seek the blue hare bell,
I see a gloom on many a face,
But why I cannot tell.

And not one merry song I hear,
Throughout the long, long day,
And when I say some loving word,
They turn their heads away.

And listen whilst I mention
What one old man did tell,—
'Twas Allan Ray, who holds the cot
Beside the haunted well.
He was leaning on his mattock,
Beneath an alder's shade,
And he looked towards the manor,—
To the manor in the glade.

He murmured "let me see," and passed
His hand across his head,
"Tis fifty years to-day since first
We heard our lord was dead—
I speak of good Sir William,
The father of the poor,
'Twas always said that mercy stood
And smiled beside his door."

Then he pointed to the mansion,

To the side that's next the rill,

Where the willows hang above the stream,

Which turns St. Dunstan's mill.

And he pointed to a window,—

To the window long and wide,—

There was sunlight flashing on the panes,

"Twas in that room he died."

He said, "It was a bitter morning,

"And the snow was very deep,

"And on the brook the ice had rocked

"Its frozen limbs to sleep;

"When the knell of death came sounding

"On the startled, troubled air,

"Like the voice of nature's agony,

"Commingled with despair.

"And when we laid him in his grave,
"We tried to sing a hymn,
"But our hearts refused us utterance,
"And every eye was dim,
"For we knew that when he left us,
"Our peace had flown away,
"As few, like good Sir William,
"The toiling poor will pay."

Then he passed his hands across his brow,
And gazed upon the skies,
And I could see that many a tear,
Was streaming from his eyes;
And his silvery locks waved gently,
As moves the golden grain,
And though the sun was piercing hot
He went to work again.

So will you tell me sister, darling,
Why the poor are so oppressed,
And why they toil to give the rich
Their luxury and rest:
Why 'tis work,—incessant work for them,
In sunshine and in rain,
From morn till shadows leave the hills
To glide across the plane?

THE OCEAN STORM.

MIGHTY!—Sublime!—Magnificent!
Restless—ever free—
Sounds aloud thy thunder tongue,
Dashing recklessly;
Throwing awide thine arms of dread,
Lightnings flashing round thine head.

Fearful! astounding! terrible!
Rise thy heaving waves,
Bounding fiercely—dancing madly—
Over dead men's graves;
Hoarsely sounds thy battle song,
As thy war-car flies along.

Powerful! immense! o'erwhelming! Onward rolls thy tide; Pales the hardy cheek of manhood, Trembling standeth pride, As thy bosom ope's, uprise, Fears—and terrors—greet their eyes.

Emblem of life, how truthful!
Prototype art thou!
Now how calm and peacefully,
Smiles thy liquid brow,
Then thy breast with sudden start,
Shoots abroad its tempest-dart.

Calm and quiet for one minute, Then in fearful strife; Such our weary walk thro' earth! Such the way of life! So, the glance of friendship's smile, Lingereth but a little while.

THE PRESENT.

STRIKE the harp from its silent slumber,
Sing sweet songs of mirth and glee,
Wreathe ye crowns of the violet blossom,
Bring ye boughs of the myrtle tree,
For the present
Gives, how pleasant,
Joys which the past had not for thee.

Earth seems proud, when with sunny fingers
Decked is she in her robes of gold,
Twinkle the stars with their diamond lustre,
Brightly now as in times of old;
Say did flowers,
In bygone hours,
Gush forth essence they now withhold?

Did the brook in its music murmurings,
Sound its anthem sweeter then?
Or the breezes dance more merrily,
Over the woodlands and through the glen?
Came a shower,
From the woodbine bower,
Of fragrance sweeter, where? and when?

Found ye joys in the days departed?

Wished ye for feelings more calm and mild,

As angels came on the silvery wing,

Bringing to thee thy first born child?

Gives thy boy

No greater joy

Than the nightingale's song which thine ears beguiled.

Strike the harp from its silent slumber,
Sing sweet songs of mirth and glee,
Wreathe ye crowns of the violet blossom,
Bring ye boughs of the myrtle tree;
For the present
Gives, how pleasant,
Joys which the past had not for thee.

THE FUTURE.

Gone the past, the present flying,
Changing currents in the tide,
Circles on the water's bosom,
Spreading far and length'ning wide.

Sweet the fields enrobed with blossoms, Throwing incense on the breeze, Sweetly birds in sounds melodious, Warble songs amidst the trees.

Seasons pass in quick succession,
Leaving blessings as they flee,
Spring, and Summer, Autumn, Winter,
Pointing to the Deity.

Pouring down for man's acceptance,
Blessings sure and mercy great,
Angels point the road to glory,
Standing by Heaven's pearly gate.

These we notice, passing onwards, Little heeding what we see, Seldom thinking, seldom asking, What to us, "futurity?"

Earth ope's up her wond'rous riches, Free to all, the young, the old; Diamonds pure, and sapphires radiant, Boundless hoards of precious gold.



Wealth comes to us, open handed,
Streaming down in copious showers,
Till our brains are overheated,
Money dreaming all our hours.

This we cherish, pressing onwards, Grasping firm and greedily, Seldom thinking, never asking, What to us "futurity?"

TO MY MOTHER.

I was dreaming last night, dear mother, Of years that have flown away, And I seemed to be, by the sounding sea, With the pebbles and shells at play.

And methought I heard a voice, .

Like the swell of a rippling tide;
I turned around, and wondering found
A seraph-like form at my side.

She was mantled in robes of white,

Round her brow was a crown of flowers,

And their breath was sweet, as the rose's retreat

After the summer-eve showers.

A smile played round her face—
I fancied I could descry
A weary star, which had wandered far,
And nestled in her eye.

Then she lifted her snowy hand,
And placed it upon my breast—
When she moved it away, a lily bell lay
Over my heart at rest.

Then around me she drew her robe,

And upwards we seemed to glide

On wings of light, till she turned my sight

Where the world stretched far and wide.

And I gazed on its turrets and towers,
On its cities, and fields of blood,
On each meadow of grain, each desert and plain,
And its waters, that rolled like a flood.

And a living crowd passed by

As an ocean, that on doth flow,

And I thought I saw, midst rich and poor,

Many I seemed to know.

Then back we came to earth:

When she rustled her radiant wing,
And gliding, away, like a sunlit ray,
The spirit thus did sing:—

SONG OF THE SPIRIT.

On thy bosom I've left a lily,

A blossom as pure as snow;

Be faithful and just, be true to thy trust,

And it dearer still will grow.

'Twill act as a charm to thy life,

As a lamp in thy darkest day;

It will linger near, in thy moments of fear,

And waft all thy sighs away.

It will cheer thee when thou art sad, It will bless thee amidst thy joy; And at thy side 'twill bloom in pride, When friends shall pass thee by.

So then I awoke from my dream,
And wondered what it could be;
Then I felt on my breast, for the lily at rest,
And found, my fond mother, 'twas thee.

ON THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE GEELONG AND MELBOURNE RAILWAY.

AWAKE my harp! and from each willing string, Gush forth sweet sounds, and strains melodious fling; Sing of this day, which crowns our land with pride, And gathers thousands—like the surging tide, From far and near,-they come, a mighty throng, With music pealing forth enraptured song: The young,-the old,-the poor,-the rich and fair, With banners waving on the balmy air. In steady file they march, a living line, Eyes flashing beams of sweet contentment shine Like starry orbs,-no feuds, no discords jar This peaceful throng-more fair than armies bent on war, Why peals the anthem? why these shouts resound? Breaking the stillness that has reigned around For ages past,—when but a savage band Held sway, Victoria, o'er thy gold-clad land.

It is that soon the magic hand of steam Shall grasp thy curls - and wake thy mystic dream-Shall fire thy bosom with a ruthless brand, And tightly bind thee with an iron band; Shall gird the distant-bringing strand to strand, As sisters clasp a truant brother's hand, When back returning from his wandering way, Her tear-dimm'd face she on his breast will lay. Soon shall the eddying smoke in curls arise, A phantom garment rolling to the skies, Soon shriek the whistle, like a demon scream, As spark on spark from fiery eyeballs gleam; Soon dash the steeds of iron, with their car, Swift as the motion of a falling star! Arouse, GEELONG, let fall thy silken hair, In sunny tresses on thy pale cheeks fair; Long hast thou slumbered, while thy azure bay Chanteth thy praise, and bathes thy shores with spray; Murm'ring the while, thy radiant glance to meet, Gathering her crystal robes to lay them at thy feet; Around thee mountains reign, whose leafy crown Darken their summits,-like an angry frown On woman's brow-yet beauty lurks behind, And shows a star-beam thro' the look unkind; Thy plains rest calmly,-deck'd by Flora's tears, Wept on the earth to drive away her fears: Rivers, like silver threads, in currents deep Glide o'er thy breast, and lull thy heart to sleep; While evening breezes, as they dance along, Strike loud the lyre, and warble sweetest song: The moon hangs o'er thee, -Night's star-jewelled queen, Folding thee in her light, like angel in a dream. My muse arise, and in the future view Thy land as fair as lilies weeping dew;

Or like a maiden, round whose brow they twine
Olive and Laurel, with a wreath of Vine;
Peaceful—victorious—fruitful—great and free—
Be thou the Throne of Love—the Shrine of Liberty.

THEN AND NOW.

THINE eyes as brightly sparkle
As they did in days gone bye,
When stars looked down and listened
To your theme of future joy.
Thou hast not lost thy merry laugh,
It sounds as joyous now
As when you pressed your rosy lips
Upon my youthful brow.

Thy hair in wavy ringlets dance,
As merry, and as free—
As on that night the shining tress
You called and gave to me.
Your words were warm and earnest,
So truthful seemed the vow;
Gone like to snow in summer—
Where is the promise now?

Why seek amidst the giddy throng,
To smile away the hours?
And wanton with affection
As sunbeams toy with flowers.
The tempest often drives his car
O'er the serenest day—
And blasting winds, from blossoms steal
Their morning loves away,

And that will be the triumph
Of the hollow fickle mind;
When time shall touch the rosy check
And leave its trace behind.
When tresses, melody of voice,
And merry songs are fied;
Where then the worshippers who trod
The path you proudly led?

The sparkling of thy fiery eyes,
May linger round their track;
And sighs may creep within their ears,
But cannot call them back.
The flower they loved is withered
The star hath lost its ray—
Where is the one that loved thee well,
Thy flatterers—where are they?

THE LAST LAMB.

ONLY one left
To draw from out my breast bereavement's dart,
Grief's rock is cleft
Whence comfort gushes to my stricken heart.

When day from sleep
Waketh and dons his robe of tissued gold;
Its bright folds sweep,
In graceful festoons, round my darling's fold.

Ever at night

There comes from out the blazing temple of the skies,
A spirit bright,

To smile upon me through my babe's blue eyes.

Her lisping words

Thrill o'er my soul, as joy-bells on the breeze,

When warbling birds

Welcome the May Queen from the lilac trees.

And every hour

Some new joy springeth from her tiny form,

As blossoms shower

Their brightest tears upon the bleakest storm.

SONG.

COME away, come, o'er the flowery dell,
Hie to the place where the graces dwell,
List to the music which floats around
From the rippling rill with a gladsome sound;
Dance with glee
'Neath the wattle tree,
Hope will join in the dance with thee.

Come away, come, where the fire-fly bright Spreadeth his wings in the gay twilight, Where starbeams laugh from their home on high, Not half as bright as love's beaming eye;

Sing to me
A song of glee,
Love will re-echo thy song for thee.

Come away, come, with a joyous heart,
Banish dull care to a drearier part;
Man was ne'er meant to pine away
Like a wild field flower, but a moment gay;
Now full of grace
Then not a trace
Left to decipher his once blest place.

THOU HAST PASSED AWAY.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle, to charm me with its soft black eye, But, when it came to know me well, and love me, it was sure to die." Moons.

Thou hast passed away, and I hear no more the mention of thy name;

And time glides on his wonted course, unmindful of the same. As I gaze on empty space, and sigh, a voice of mournful tone, Will whisper thou art far away, and I remain alone.

Thou hast passed away, and the evening hours do not so gladsome seem,

For I miss the music of thy voice, which cometh like a dream, When the world in silence sleepeth, and star-beams on the tide.

Recal those happy moonlit hours we rambled side by side.

Thou hast passed away, and thy bright black eyes are closed upon me now,

And my aching heart seems fettered with a galling chain of woe;

And the flower I nourished in my breast has faded, sickened, died,

And memory is the only thing my soul can never hide.

Like the dew drop to the lily bell, the blossom to the tree, So thou wert to my hope of life, which centered all in thee, Like the ripple to the fountain, or the snow-crest to the wave, Thou brightened all my passing hours,—but hope sleeps in the grave!

BROKEN PLEDGES.

Where shall we seek
To feel the kiss of warm and sweet content?
The winds are bleak
Which blow around our earthly tenement.

And who can tell

In what lone spot the home of peace is found?

Or where doth dwell

That bliss whose praises loving poets sound?

Research is vain,

If in this world we hope their haunts to find,

The sea and main

Possess it not; 'tis hidden in the mind!

Whence comes that power,
Which wrapts the soul in exquisite delight,
And in one hour
Withers hopes' blossoms with its tainting blight?

Not from the flowers,—
They scatter incense ever in our way
From radiant bowers,
And weave a chaplet for the brow of day.

Not from the trees,
Who ever chaunt the universal hymn,
Which on the breeze
Seemeth a harp touched by some cherubim.

Not from the sea,

Who when the tempest sounds its war alarms

With bounding glee

Catcheth the streamlet in its shielding arms.

Not from the skies,
Who when the sunbeams melt before the sight
Of starry eyes,
Weep dew tears on the silent couch of night.

Not from the steep
Whence thunders echo thro' the realms of space,
Whose hand does sweep
The fragile wild-flower from its lonely place.

Not from the dove,
Who 'neath the shadow of her feathered breast
With gentle love
Nestles her offspring in their downy nest.

Whence then arise

Those shattered hopes the widows heart must bear?

A voice replies,

"Ask bigotry the way—she knoweth where."

Alas they flow

From broken pledges, insincerely given;

These make the woe

Which thro' the shield of life are fiercely riven.

ON MY NIECE'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.

TO HER GRANDMOTHER.

Twelve months have passed across thee, babe, and kissed in love thy brow;

The tinge of health upon thy cheek, like June's first rose doth glow;

A tuneful hand hath touched thy lips, which thro' the livelong day

Mimic the mellow cadence of the fountain in its play.

Hope sports among thy flossy hair, like blossoms on the tree; It speaks a language to our hearts, whilst peace looks on in glee,

The dimple on thy rounded chin is like a fairy well,
Filled to the margin with that joy which mothers' dreaming
tell.

A radiant spirit seems to rest within thy mild blue eye As the a star when thou hast slept, had glided from the sky, And lifting up thy peaceful lids with innocence entwined, Had gazed one moment, and then fled, but left its rays behind.

God spare thee to us, darling, we have wept upon the tomb Of thy brother and thy sister, till amidst the deep'ning gloom We saw upon thy face the smile—THAT smile we knew of old: God spare thee to us, Leila, thou last lamb of the fold.

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

THE waves of life around me roll with sad and solemn moan, And silent is the harp of peace, whose deep melodious tone Gathered a strain of ecstasy and danced upon each string, Like echoes of an anthem swell that angel voices sing.

And shadows from a darkened sky, with gloomy faces creep Across my path, like phantom forms, which gambol in the deep;

The sunshine from my home hath fled, the hearth is lone and cold,

And silver lines are in my hair, for grief hath made me old.

I vainly search for that bright star, who with its radiant beams,

Glided from off its azure throne, and mingled in my dreams; But the night is dark and wintry—the chilly winds pass by As a wail of rising agony, when an only child must die.

Oh! a weary journey mine must be—a walk with black despair,

I have lost the idol of my love, and found a vacant chair;
The sighing trees wave mournfully above my sleeping dead,
And the wild flowers meet at night to weep upon his grassy
bed.

But yet methinks the twilight brings a chorus full and deep Of Eden voices to my ear, which hymns my soul asleep, When beings come from Paradise to bear my tears away, And bathe my spirit in the light of Heaven's refulgent day.

BEREAVEMENT.

ARTHUR, thou'rt gone to thy rest,
And thy spirit hath taken wing,
To a land where sadness is never known,
And cherubs sweetly sing.

And closed is thy bright blue eye,
Which sparkled with gladness free;
And faded the smile of thy lovely cheek,
Which encircled our home with glee.

And we gaze on thy forehead like snow,
And the emblem of peace on thy face;
And fancy will fashion the thought
That signs of thy life, we can trace.

But bitter the heart-breaking sting,
And bitter the tears which flow
O'er the gloomy pall of thy little couch,
And thy grave bestrewn with woe.

Yet my babe thou hast gone to a clime,
Where Mena thy sister doth dwell,
And the tones of the sweet breathing harp
Through the arches of Heaven do swell.

Art thou flying together my babe, On silvery pinions, so free? Oh! say does thy heart echo back, The love that she casteth on thee? My babes, do ye ever look down

From your palace of stars, in the skies?

Are ye bringing a message of peace,—

Peace to me, which the cold world denies?

Arthur, thou'rt gone to thy rest,
And thy spirit hath taken wing
To a land where sadness is never known,
And the heart for joy doth sing.

But, oh! how I miss my babes,

And their laughing fond blue eyes;

Yet they blossom together in brighter worlds

Two buds of my blighted joys.

THE BETTER TIMES.

WHEN will the better times appear, the joyful year come round, When peace shall reign in every heart, and happiness be found? Possessor of the poor man's hearth, the right of honesty, To crush the rule of monied pride—of wealth's monopoly?

When will the faithful peasant gain the worldly man's applause

For upright acts, for love of home, observance of the laws?

For skilful industry and truth in every act and word?

Oh! truth and trust, above all gold, how high should be

Where shall we seek to find the home, where equal rights

preferred!

Unfettered by a lordly chain, whose links are made of fear?

Where mankind walks the earth as men, and pride doth pine away,

As black'ning clouds of winter's night dissolve to summer's day?

I've seen them in the dreams of eve, when the world was sleeping fast;

They have come when Night around her brow her crown of jewels cast.

I have seen them like a happy throng of angels on the wing; They had dimm'd the annals of the past, and crushed its venomed sting.

But the beams of morn have chased away my visions bright and fair;

They were empty shadows, fleeting forms, like bubbles in the air.

And still uprise the pleading tones, which echo long and loud:

Take from our land the crushing chain—the oppression of the
proud.

When will the better times appear, the joyful year come round, When peace shall reign in every heart, and happiness be found? Possessor of the poor man's hearth, the right of honesty, To crush the rule of monied pride—of wealth's monopoly?

MERCY.

MERCY flies above the world, With her banner, love, unfurled; Now she waveth, 'midst her glee, Its silken folds of charity.

See the smile of hope and joy Sparkling in her beaming eye; Stars spring up to deck her brow, Like roses laid on virgin snow. Hear the songs of earth ascend, Heavenly anthems with them blend. Now she seeks the cottage door-Mercy dwelleth with the poor;-Day by day their bread is blest, Peaceful made their evening rest; Flowers their children gladsome pull, Honey tears each blossom full; Dew-drops sparkle on the grass, Whose bright hearts break as sunbeams pass. See! the fields of nodding grain Clothe the hills with mirth again. From the balmy new-mown hay Fragrance danceth glad away. In the woodbine's shady bower Sing the blossoms hour by hour. Hark! the lay of warblers sweet Breathe where violets blue retreat; Where the cowslip blooming fair, Sighs with sweetness to the air; Hyacinths and balsams blow-Like to wax their blossoms grow. And the breeze, with joyous mirth, Rushes by at Summer's birth. Thro' the world the spirit soars, And universal goodness pours Upon the throne. And velvet gay, Embossed with jewels, light as day; Kings and Queens and men of might Live beneath its radiance bright.

Where the hands of want have been Mercy's smiles are always seen; Round the couch of dying love Streams a mantle from above; Angels watch, with anxious eye, And wing impatient all to fly To their homes; yet still they stay To sing their brother's soul away. In the widow's burning tears-'Midst her desolating fears-Round the children's aching head-Burns a fire, by Mercy shed, Clearing clouds of darksome sway, Whilst Hope her harp does sweetly play. In the city's busy throng Mercy's footsteps glide along. On the ocean's heaving crest Mercy bears her saving breast. In the calm and hurricane Mercy links her heaven-wrought chain; Thro' my life is ever nigh, And comfort gives when called to die.

TO MY SON WALTER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Six years, with their silent rapid wings,
To the caves of the past have flown,
Since I pressed to my heart, in an extacy,
My first-born boy, my own!

In my spirit's bowers,
Hope's purest flowers
By the angels of love are sown.

Thou art as bright, to my glad'nd sight,

As the summer-eve's purest star;

The sound of thy voice bids my heart rejoice—

As music which swells afar;

Around the throne
Of the golden zone—
Where the silver-robed seraphs are.

I have clung to thee, on the bounding sea, When the surging waves rose high; In the midst of my care, I murmured a prayer Which upward to Haven did fly;

Then spirit bands came
On the lightning's flame
And watched thee—with guardian eye.

My fair-haired boy—is a fountain of joy—A very mountain of bliss,

And the pulses start, to my thrilling heart,
'Neath the hallowed warmth of his kiss;

My life's sun gleams

On my soul—with its beams—
But none so bright as this.

Finis.

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